Vol. CXXXVII. No. 1787.

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THE BYSTANDER MARCH 16, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

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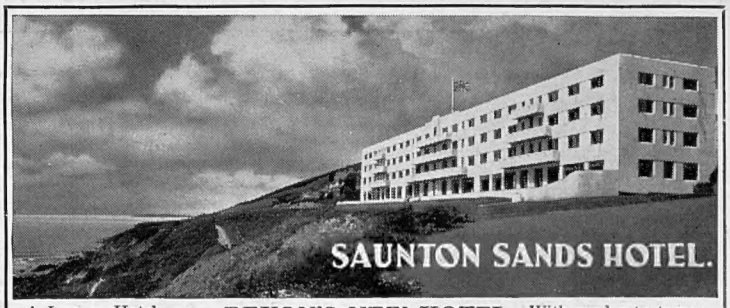

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The Bystander

Isa Miranda—Russian, Romantic and Beautiful in "Nina Petrovna"

Beautiful in the style of Marlene Dietrich, romantic in a *Dame aux Camellias* kind of story (she is the mistress of a wealthy Baron and in love with a penniless officer), Russian in a St. Petersburg-Vienna, 1900 setting: so Isa Miranda appears in the French film *Nina Petrovna*. She has never been seen in England before, but the film's Continental success has already brought her a Hollywood contract. Fernand Gravey plays the young officer, Armé Clariond the Baron, V. Tourjansky (he made *Fear*) directed; the picture goes to the Curzon on Thursday, 24th

For once no one had to shiver and call for cherry brandy this year at Cheltenham; the first day was more like Ascot than the National Hunt Meeting

Cheltenham Narrative

The First Big Outing of the Year for the Regulars

Young Mischief's fine flowing style over the last jump (National Hunt Steeplechase) looked all right for his backers, but the run-in lost them their money, and St. George II. (24) won by a head

Eager to do their best, poor things, these two went on trying as hard as ever, although their jockeys had turned into invisible men, and their backers had torn up their Tote tickets. This was in the Newent Selling Handicap Steeplechase

Miss Dorothy Paget, as owner of Golden Miller, is a national figure, and centre-piece of the last six Cheltenhams. But this year Golden Miller and the Gold Cup were parted at last—a separation regretted by all—

Women

No man, na these hats on t Jean Thynn bonnet; Robin

—Except by Morse Ivor Anthony, and a came over the last jump third, and Golden Mil- prevent his being two

Hundreds of Pencils Marked Hundreds of Cards

First you mark your card when the numbers go up—like Mr. and Mrs. John Mason—then you tick the likely ones, underline the one you back, then a little later on you write 1, 2, 3, against quite different horses. Then you go off to the paddock and do some sums—like Lady Jean Dundas and Mr. Somervell

Was it Winter, Was it Spring?

You had to rack your brains that first morning as to what you should wear. Lady Ashley didn't believe Cheltenham could be so hot, and wore a fur coat. Mrs. James Marshall Field took her courage in both hands and dressed for the sunshine

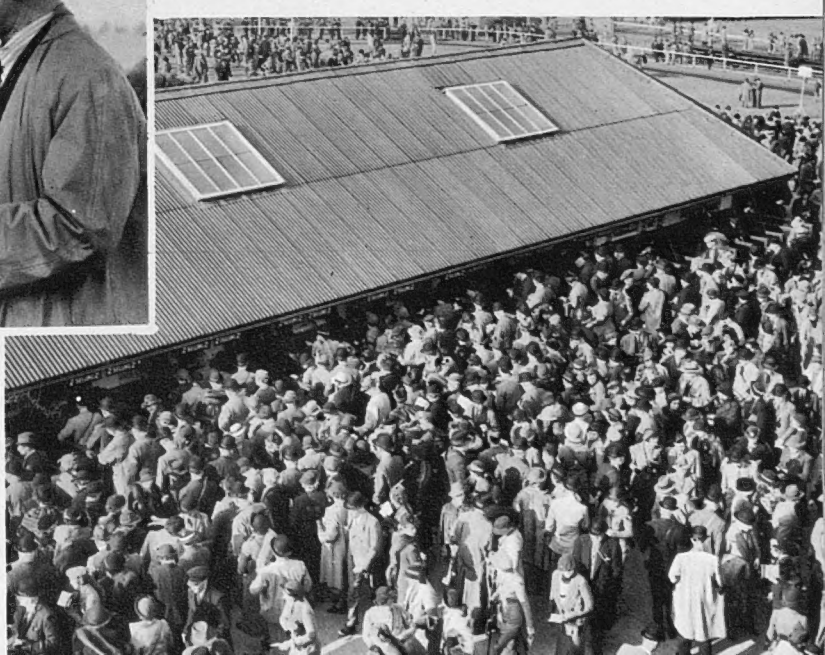
Wore Exactly What They Pleased on Their Heads

even a meteorologist, could understand what prevailing wind of fashion blew their owners' heads. The Hon. Mrs. Bevan's was wafted from China; Miss caught her's off a pixie breeze; Mrs. Moller went to the Highlands for her. Hood must have admitted that Miss Hill Dillon knew better about feather angles

There's no need to bother about the racing at race meetings: you can go and sit in the paddock and have the most entrancingly undisturbed conversation, with not a horse in sight—like Miss Daphne Pearson and Miss Diana Starkey

Code, Lieut.-Col. Park, D. Morgan, good many backers. Morse Code first, between Macaulay, who finished ler, whose gallant running couldn't lengths too late at the winning-post

Unfortunately you can't take a season ticket for the Tote ("With a season ticket I avoid the queue"), but if you've won you can find one of the "pay-out men" and he'll give you just the same prize-money for your two-shilling bet



The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Prime Minister has not been long in answering Field-Marshal Goering in his own sort of language. The gallant Field-Marshal had described his Air Force as "of ruthless power." "Britain's rearmament is almost terrifying," retorts the Prime Minister confidently. But I repudiate Professor Timothy Shy's unworthy suggestion that this is the exact parallel of the language invariably used by boxers before they enter the ring. It is no idle boast to describe our rearmament as terrifying, for before it is finished it will have scared at least the tax-payer out of his wits.

THE Prime Minister in his speech in the House of Commons said: "One thing we can say with certainty is that the fifteen hundred millions which we contemplated only a little time ago is now not sufficient for our purpose. I am afraid the House must expect a substantial advance upon it." Mr. Chamberlain paid a tribute to the ideals of the League of Nations, but he ended up his speech by recording his profound conviction that the present programme for defence is the surest way of avoiding the grave necessity of fighting at all. Mr. Chamberlain has seldom, if ever, been in such form, and certainly has never been so applauded by the House.

MR. CHURCHILL in the debate returned once again to the comparison between the Royal Air Force and the German Air Force. Once again he maintained that the German Air Force was at least twice as strong as ours, and was increasing in strength at more than double the rate. It would be easier to write Mr. Churchill down as an alarmist if he had not been alarming several times already, and each time been proved to be right.

MR. CHURCHILL brought an admirable sense of perspective to the European situation when he talked of the French Army. There is a tendency nowadays to consider the British Navy, and to a lesser extent the Royal Air Force, as the last bulwarks of European democracy. Mr. Churchill was right when he asked the question, "What is the deterrent to air aggression which gives us some feeling of reassurance?" and answered his own question with the words, "It is the French Army."

THE Austrian Chancellor, with the cynical disregard of the technical requirements of weekly journals which is so lamentably common nowadays in Central Europe, has fixed Sunday for his plebiscite, so as I write I do not know how the voting went. But it was a courageous gesture anyway, and whatever happened, the strength of Nazi feeling in Austria has by this time been genuinely tested at last. Though, now that I come to think of it, if the Nazis have boycotted the plebiscite, even that cautious statement will have turned out to be wrong. Oh dear, oh dear, what a difficult life it is!

Nassau Beachcombers

Lord Beaverbrook, still on the vacation he announced last year to his readers (not "a joyous holiday venture"), entered more into the spirit of the Fort Montague (Nassau) beach, with dressing-gown and bright smile, than Viscount Forbes, with smart suit and sombre look. They had flown over from Miami, in Lord Beaverbrook's new amphibian

The Spelling Bee Team Going Over the Top

Not long after the bird-calls and aboriginal songs from Australia ended, Regional listeners two Sundays back heard the second Transatlantic spelling bee. The teams were similarly made up of representatives from different stations of life, ours being Sir John Squire (author), D. A. J. Buxton (business man), J. E. Killick (schoolboy), Bernard Darwin (sportsman), Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Gettins (Services), Howard Marshall (broadcaster), Miss Margaret Baynes (typist), and Fabia Drake (actress). They won 37—27. The seated technicians are Mr. McCullough and Mr. T. Woodrooffe

THE French, on the other hand, with their perfect sense of the fitness of things and their notorious kindliness towards hard-working journalists, invariably turn their Governments out on a Thursday. M. Chautemps has resigned, as usual, at the perfect moment. What he has resigned for, or who is going to succeed him, or what it is all about is another matter. I have not the faintest idea, and so I can be pretty certain that you have not either.

THE Moscow Trial went steadily from fantasy to fantasy. I have not met a single person who can put forward a theory that even remotely makes sense. The latest revelations about the murder of Maxim Gorki were almost ludicrous in their improbability, and yet there is just as much reason to believe that the story is true as to believe that it is false. Out of all the men who made the Russian Revolution with Stalin, only Litvinov survives, and nobody can explain why Litvinov should survive any more than why Bukharin should not.

A FRIEND writes to me from Bombay: "A significant thing is happening here with the quite large Japanese

business community. They are selling off all their house and office properties, up-country cotton factories, cotton mills here, etc., all to be done before 31st March. It may be in order to get money with which to buy cotton—for months now they haven't had the money with which to buy a bale. Or it may possibly be because they expect to be at war with bigger Powers by then. They are obviously getting into a terrible mess financially with a million men in the field in China and the whole country run by the fanatical Army leaders and no money with which to buy the raw materials for their vast industries. Their exports, from which they get their money, have in recent months dwindled to nothing, and we know they have little raw cotton left."

GREAT BRITAIN and the United States are engaged in a gentlemanly dispute about a couple of islands in the Pacific. No one wanted them until the scramble for aerodromes began all over the world. I sincerely hope that the discussion will end in a more dignified manner than the last discussion in which this country engaged on the subject of islands. About ten years ago we and Norway claimed possession of Thompson and Bouvet Islands in the Pacific. After prolonged arguments, it was discovered that no one in the world knew where the islands were, and that they had only once been sighted, and then only by an Australian skipper who shortly afterwards took to his bed with delirium tremens.

SIR JOHN CADMAN'S Committee of Enquiry into civil aviation is one of the most outspoken public documents for years. The criticism of Imperial Airways is very strong indeed, and it seems unlikely that it can be accepted without drastic changes in the personnel of the management of that Company. The Air Ministry is almost certain to be reorganised, with the appointment of three new officials to deal solely with civil aviation.

THE authorities talk more and more about air-raid precautions, and innumerable articles have appeared in the Press proving conclusively that A.R.P. is in a high state of organisation. My own experience is that things are not moving so quickly as one might believe. Seized one morning in December with an absurd desire to be of assistance to my neighbours in the district in which I live, I enrolled myself as an air warden. The chief air warden of the district visited me, and we were closeted together for some hours while we discussed how best to save the lives of our fellow-citizens when the gas bombs, the high explosives, and the incendiary bombs poured down upon us. We finally decided that I should attend a course of instruction in first-aid and so on within the next few weeks. I have not heard another word from that day to this, and the demonstration air-raid shelter at the end of my street has still only enough covering to keep out a soft-boiled egg if dropped upon it from a thousand feet.

MR. WALTER ELLIOT will, I think, get the support of all parties in his Bill to reform the Scottish marriage laws. The Bill is going to prohibit the traffic in marriages which takes place at Gretna Green, and this in itself is a reform that is long overdue. There is not, and never has been, any romance about the Gretna business, and it has for a long time brought Scotland into disrepute.

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON is doing first-class work on the reform of the hire-purchase system. As the law stands at present, unscrupulous firms can drive a very nice trade in the sale of goods on hire-purchase, and the instant and ruthless grabbing back of the goods when an instalment is five minutes overdue. Miss Wilkinson is one of the strongest champions of the Hire-Purchase Bill which is soon coming to its Report Stage, and which is designed to give some protection to the poor, a comparatively rare thing in an Act of Parliament.

THE new Lord Chancellor has, after many years, come into his own again. At the beginning of his career he was a lawyer of extraordinary brilliance, and he quickly became famous. Then came a long, sad period of eclipse which can best be described in his own plaintive reply to a lady when she asked him, "Are you any relation of *the* Mr. Maugham?" "Madam," replied the barrister mournfully, "until ten years ago I *was* the Mr. Maugham." I think that now the Lord High Chancellor of England can legitimately claim that he has, after all these years, overhauled his celebrated, story-telling, play-writing brother.

A LAWYER, in a recent case in which a Master of Foxhounds was acquitted of causing unnecessary suffering to a fox, said: "The suggestion that the fox should have been taken out and shot in cold blood is terrible. I suppose foxes have their feelings. To a fox that would be terrible."

THE key-men on the staff of the BYSTANDER, myself and Mr. Wyndham Lewis, in that order, took a stroll together last week in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood. Finding ourselves in front of the W. G. Grace memorial at Lord's Cricket Ground, I naturally removed my hat and murmured: "That is the game that has made us what we are." "Well, just take a look at yourself," replied Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and there the matter rests at present.

The Prince of the Netherlands

Prince Bernhard paid a rapid and private visit to London last week, accompanied by younger brother Ernest Aschwin (of Lippe-Biesterfeld). They had a tumultuous welcome at Liverpool Street when the crowd separated them from their official reception (Prince Aschwin modestly cut this function altogether). Here they are leaving 43, Eaton Square, for lunch with the King and Queen; their host was Jonkheer Marees van Swinderen

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—is on pp. G—J before the Frontispiece

REEL ... Spring Marches On

Another torso mystery remains unsolved (Varsity Sports practice, genuine picture)

Spring, If Not Summer, Arrived Last Week—

Nobody knows more about spring than old Bob Parris, who has been looking after ewes for sixty-six years (he's seventy-five) and has two hundred and thirty of them, and a rapidly increasing number of lambs, under his crook on a farm in Hampshire

A. P. Herbert Takes to the Water

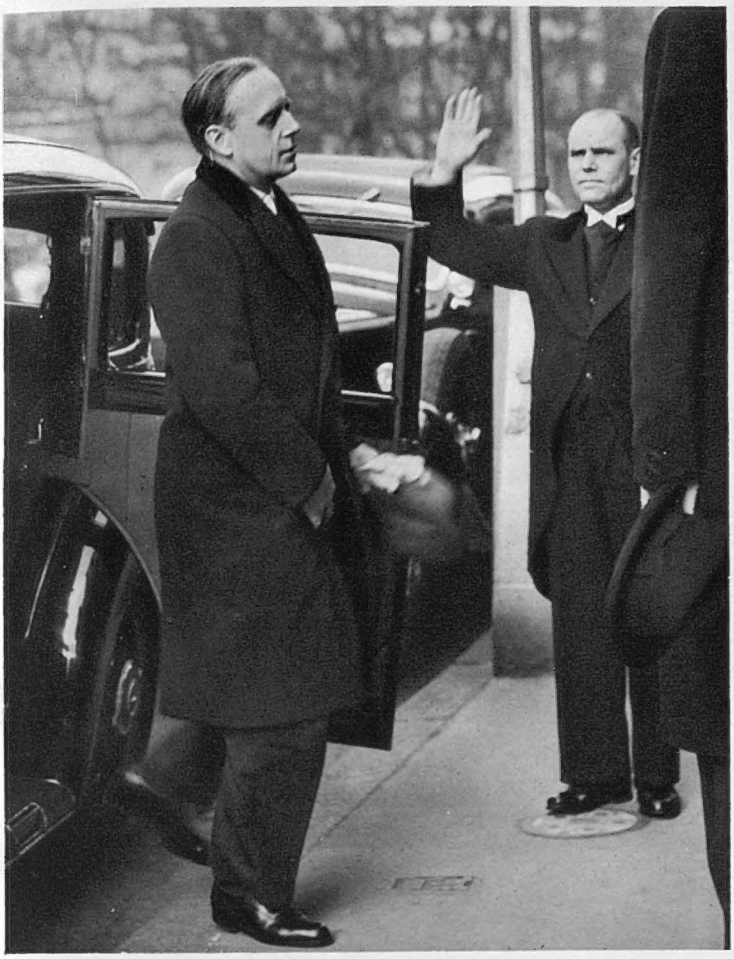
A sign of spring along Hammersmith way is Mr. A. P. Herbert painting his boat, here on his way out to work in a dinghy. This wet-bob of literature and politics has just come back from a trip to Colombo

The Jack Hulberts Look Like Ascot

Dressed in their best, they were off to tea at Buckingham Palace, guests at the Afternoon Party given by the King and Queen last Wednesday. They live at 28, Curzon Street

Gordon Harker Gets Engaged

His friends thought comedian Gordon Harker a confirmed bachelor, but spring and Christine Barry, his young actress fiancée, upset their theories



—Bringing With It Von Ribbentrop—

Herr Hitler's new Foreign Minister arrived at the German Embassy in a gale of Nazi salutes. Officially he came over to present his Letters of Recall as Ambassador and say good-bye to friends. More important were his long conversations with Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax

—And a Longing for Health and Beauty

Enviously the three knights, Sir Edward Campbell, Sir Kingsley Wood and Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett watched a demonstration of what a lady learns from the League of Health and Beauty. Miss Prunella Stack showed them with gay pride; the K.C. pointed admiringly to her straight knee

Even Plasterers Burst into Song

And sometimes, like John Harrison here, they get engaged for Covent Garden; he'll be in the tenor chorus this opera season. At the present he sings while he plasters a new house in Middlesex for £4 a week, and rehearses in the evenings. He knows 300 operatic arias in five languages

And Milkmen Neglect Milk for Art

An English "maître de la réalité" is milkman A. Jeffreys, who stops to paint while he does his Bermondsey round with cans and bottles. He has had some of his pictures exhibited, sends regularly to the Royal Academy, and even finds buyers among the West End dealers

Social Register

Right: Robin Francis Mount, second son of the late Sir William Mount and the Dowager Lady Mount, married Lady Julia Pakenham at St. Peter's, Vere Street. She is the daughter of the late Earl and Countess of Longford and a sister of the present peer. She was an undergraduate at Sommerville College, Oxford

Below: Richard Henniker, only son of Col. and Mrs. A. M. Henniker, of Camberley, married Daphne Irene Maxwell, at the Parish Church, Cirencester; she is the younger daughter of the late Capt. C. J. Maxwell, Scots Greys, and Mrs. Maxwell, of Cirencester. The reception was held at Cirencester Park, lent by Lord and Lady Bathurst

Mr. R. F. Mount and Lady Julia Pakenham

Mr. J. M. Trusted and Miss Hopton

John Marshall Trusted and Eileen Muriel Hopton were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the son of the Chief Justice of Palestine, Sir Harry Trusted, and Lady Trusted; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ulric Hopton

Mr. Henniker and Miss Daphne Maxwell

Miss Heber-Percy and Sir Ian Walker

Sir Ian Walker, third Baronet of Osmaston Manor, Derby, point-to-point rider and polo player, J.P. and D.L. for his county, son of the late Sir Peter and Lady Walker, was photographed with his fiancée at Osmaston. She is Dorothy Elizabeth Heber-Percy, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Josceline Heber-Percy, of Guy's Cliffe, Warwick

The Cameron Christening

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cameron's baby son was christened Julian Alexander at Holy Trinity, Brompton, with six young godparents. The Camerons were married last April; she was Pamela Grant-Sturgis

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Surprise Item" (Ambassadors)

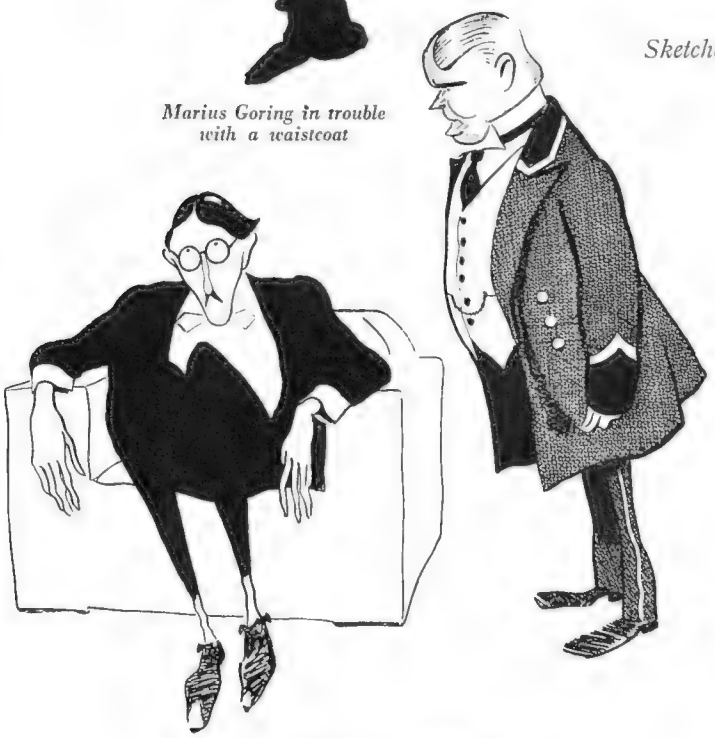
MR. MARIUS GORING is now taking a holiday from the macabre. This must come as a relief after playing so many parts to tear a cat or throw a fit in; and though there are few actors by whom we would rather see cats torn or fits thrown, we do not grudge him his temporary escape from sadism, masochism, and the various other forms of perversion in which he is regularly required to indulge. No raving maniac for Mr. Goring this time, but an amiable simpleton. Born and bred in Dorset. Engaged in a wireless shop. A bad vendor but a good mender. And an incorrigible romantic, for who could listen to Gracie Fields and Jack Hylton all day and remain quite normal? A pervert, then, after all? Perhaps. But subject to a form of perversion now so common that anyone who suggested treating it would himself be regarded as a case.

Valerie Taylor intervenes

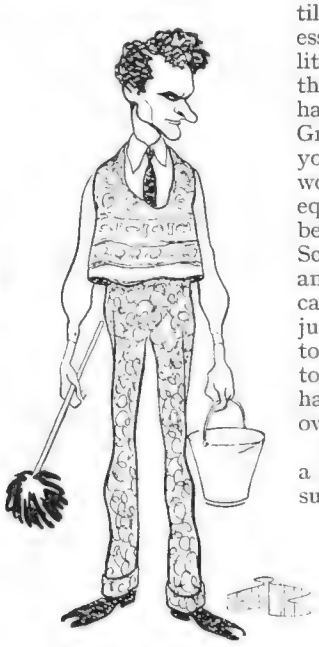
So, in his wireless shop, Arthur Primmer, alias Mr. Goring, dreams that one day Miss Fields or Mr. Hylton or maybe even Sir John himself will drop in to buy a set. None of them does. But, though you may never have heard of her, Anita Karsten, the Continental radio star, is almost as good, and there, alias Miss Valerie Taylor, she stands before him. Each is attracted by the other, but for different reasons. Anita, of course, has glamour. What luck to be asked up to her service flat to execute repairs! But why is he asked? For the reason that he bears a remarkable resemblance to Anita's husband, who is deeply involved in some Ruritanian imbroglio and whose imminent departure from England must not be known. So simple Arthur is plied with wine, shaved willy-nilly, invested in the dress-clothes of the departed husband, and invited to accompany Anita to Radio House, under the happy impression that he has made a very fine conquest, when what he is really making is a very good catspaw.

Marius Goring in trouble with a waistcoat

Sketches by Rouson



A farmyard imitator and a B.B.C. official: John Glyn-Jones and Norman Pierce



A dog-follower: John Laurie

DISILLUSIONMENT comes to Arthur in the last Act, and to the audience next morning. It was not, at any rate, till next morning that I realised the essential weakness of this not very strong little comedy—which lies in the fact that wireless, which figures so largely, has nothing radical to do with the story. Granted the resemblance, almost any young man in almost any occupation would have served Anita's purpose equally well. If, however, we had not been taken to Radio House in Act II, Scene 2, we should have missed an amusing interlude, consisting of a broadcaster quietly rehearsing animal noises just before giving his turn. In addition to which it is, of course, useful to be topical. A blacksmith's boy might have made the play seem less of our own time.

Whether Mr. Goring will now enjoy a long holiday, or whether he will suddenly be summoned home to the dear old asylum, remains to be seen. Mr. John Laurie as another assistant in the wireless shop lends vigour to a sometimes rather relaxing atmosphere. And Miss Taylor, a most unequal actress, is for once neither very good nor the reverse, and so leaves the critic speechless.

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" What 's me 'oroscope to-day, mate? "

MAKING the Spanish tragedy even grimmer, the British Club in Barcelona has just run out of beer, consternated old Uncle Reuter reports. The Club premises are on the first floor of an office-block, we forget on which street. No longer now, when the air-raid sirens wail and all electric lights are automatically switched off, can the barman light up his bottle-neck candelabra and draw a few more tankards for the chaps before the Nationalist 'planes come over, searching for the munition dumps. It is the kind of situation that in the eighteenth century would have led to a British ultimatum to the Barcelona Government, and most likely a war to follow. (Cf. the War of Jenkins' Ear.) We of the Island Race don't glare round like Sam Goldwyn's lion and issue challenges so readily nowadays, what with this and that, or we 'd have been embroiled with both sides in Spain long ago over the question of those cricket-pitches. It is well known that in more than one important Spanish city, in Red and Franco territory alike, the war has hampered the British colony in carrying out its normal cricket duties. Pitt wouldn't have hesitated a moment to bring the entire Spanish nation to book for this, with volumes of purple oratory.

Once—it was in Barcelona, actually, long before the civil war, when the peaceful, tree-shaded Ramblas were full of flowers, Anarchists, sunshine, Syndicalists, gaiety, Catalan Separtists, music, and Bolshevik agents, and everybody strolled happily up and down in the evening cool—we asked a British resident which end in his estimation the regulation cricket played by British exiles serves better—keeping the moral standard of the exile at its normally high level, or uplifting the dark and sinful native. He thought about fifty-fifty, adding that if leaders of the Hierarchy like Archbishop Fry or Bishop Jardine made periodical visitations of Europe's British colonies, like the Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar, it would mean the conversion to cricket of half Europe, and the beginning of Millennium. After saying which he started to giggle and fell over backwards.

" We're the wrong number you invited to dinner "

Dope

APROPOS of which, the increasing vogue of the drug benzedrine is alarming the sporting pontiffs not a little. Professional footballers are now given benzedrine regularly. It is a powerful stimulant, inducing temporarily heightened vigour, speed, and optimism. One of the dailies interviewed leading sports thinkers on it the other day. Nearly all of them damned this doping process unreservedly as unsporting and un-English, Sir Stanley Jackson of the M.C.C. declaring that it shocked him. On the other hand, a well-known squash player (name not given) said that when he tried benzedrine it made the ball look the size of a football, and made him twice as fast on his feet; which he seemed to think jolly good.

For us, we 'd like to see our Test boys this summer tripping and dancing and reeling to the wicket soaked in benzedrine, cocaine, hashish, opium, chloral, heroin, and every exotic drug in the pharmacopœia; flushed of cheek, wild of eye, dilated of pupil, babbling of strange visions, laughing hysterically and sobbing like mad. We 'd like them to visualise the Australians as Eskimo dwarfs, or Fijian postmen, or Tibetan trolls, or sweet little geishas seen through the wrong end of binoculars. Then—and probably only then—they 'd be nerved with that mad, heroic berserker courage which alone can save Mother England this summer from bitter humiliation and doom. And if England falls in this year's Tests, what of civilisation ?

Nude

THAT is certainly an arresting landscape which Mr. Alan Gill painted in sympathy with the Downland Trust Appeal, for which Miss Nancy Price gave a special matinée, in Queen Mary's presence, at the Playhouse the other day. Mr. Gill's canvas, entitled " The Downs' Lament," looks from a little distance like the usual study of the graceful swelling contours of a sweep of the South Downs,

bathed in afternoon sunlight, you find in the Academy. Studying it more closely, you perceive it to be a beautiful recumbent nude, lying on her right side, head buried in arms, prostrate with grief; couchant-plorant, as the old heralds would say. It is the Downs, presumably just behind Worthing, mourning the obscene advances of the speculative builder, whose lust is never satiate, who has already ruined so much of England.

We asked several noted Sussex boys if they had ever noticed how much the contours of the Downs resemble those of a beautiful recumbent nude. They said they had not. They said it sharply, as though our question were somehow a reflection. They seemed to think we were subtly leading up to the old searching Freudian key-query: "Do you ever dream that you are being chased by a little Japanese postman carrying a ladder?" And to give the boys their due, we don't think they had noticed it. They never notice anything. We lived a long time under lovely Downland hills and slopes named by the aborigines with names like Turnip Hill and Slummocky Hollow and Mount Misery. (And, to be fair, Five-Mile Bottom.) You have to go to the Celts for the imagination and the ability to perceive Nature's artistic intentions. Why do you think that long, low promontory in South Wales is called The Worm's Head? Because it looks exactly like a couchant dragon, fell and terrible; the Great Worm which ravaged the countryside in Arthur's time.

Many Waters

NONE of the neon-light names of Hollywood seems to have grabbed much publicity out of the Los Angeles floods, except by being rescued in difficulties, which is rather inglorious. Not that we blame any of them. To be plunged suddenly into a typical Goldwyn or de Mille cosmic upheaval in real life must be scaring, apart from the fact that it doesn't even give you time to change your clothes between shots. The only Hollywood personality who seems to have done anything worthy of a headline is Leo Carrillo, who lassoed a sinking director and dragged him to safety from the raging waters; and from what little we know of the film boys, there are two distinct ways of looking at the saving of a director also.

Les Clamour Girls

ONE of the critic boys seemed to be right, for once, when he remarked apropos the music of Miss Elizabeth Maconchy, which has been heard and broadcasted a fair amount recently, that the old theory that music expresses its composer's nature will have to be abandoned unless we're prepared to believe that the modern young woman composer has a soul "compounded of granite and iron filings, and chews glass." Harsh and inhuman, the girls seem: metallic, grating, pitiless, cacophonous, like Saturday night in Manchester.

The stock case for a lot of modern musicians is that the Machine Age has got them that way and that the increasing and terrific racket drives them to scream back at the Age in bitter disillusion and nerves and mockery. In our opinion their retort to the Age could be more effectively made in the manner of a well-bred Victorian spinster replying at dusk to the yells of a drunken gardener; not with equal oaths and violence but with silvery, annihilating calm, each sentence an epigram, each epigram a crystal stiletto. Our feeling about the Age is that a deprecating, gesture of protest in the direction of a roaring, rattling electric drill preserves the equilibrium better than raving back at it, and does not add to the already hellish noise, and the effect on the drill is about the same either way.

Contact

OWING either to carelessness, misery, or the old dog trouble, we have slipped up twice in this page during the past month. In each case we've been instantly put right by people who put people right, and this is just to thank them and say we're grateful. Checking things involves getting up, as they will probably understand. But we never mind being put right, because it makes new friends. Five erstwhile strangers who have 'phoned or called at various times to say it isn't Agrippa who cuts off the children's thumbs in *Struwwelpeter* are occupying our bed at this moment, and the drawing-room is thronged with people (one on a horse) who point out that Erskine Childers was executed by the Cosgrave Government, and keep shouting for more and better cocktails.

We don't know any of them very well as yet, but we gather from Collie Knox that it is a great joy to know and love one's public, so there we are. All we wish is that the two bearded gentlemen sitting bolt upright side by side at one end of the bath and staring at us reproachfully would remove their bowler hats whenever the rest sing the National Anthem; unless, of course, they are dead. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

"And this, I'm afraid, is Mrs. Glover"

Films of the Day

Mr. Laughton as a Beachcomber

By George Campbell

Not all my admiration for the wit of Mr. Somerset Maugham, and the virtuosity of Mr. Laughton and Miss Lanchester, can persuade me that *The Vessel of Wrath* is a success. It has delicious moments. Ginger Ted, the drunken beachcomber who decoys Miss Lanchester's senior girls from their lessons and wrecks native shops, and generally winds up in the police court, a disgrace to the white races, offers a fine chance for a tour de force in Mr. Laughton's best bravura style, and he makes the most of it.

There is something heroic, too, with the comic heroism of a Quixote, about Miss Jones's battle with the forces of evil in Ginger Ted. She is not one of those charmers who have only to look at erring men to induce instant repentance. In the book, Mr. Maugham made her lean and scraggy and forty-ish, with a red nose which he explains, with a doctor's attention to such details, was due to indigestion.

Miss Lanchester slightly softens the picture, but the Miss Jones of the screen is still no cutie. With her dragged-back hair, her frightful clothes, and her umbrella gripped firmly in her hand, she is the sort of figure that foreign cartoonists delight to offer as a typical Englishwoman. She has not even the redeeming virtue of humour. She talks in clichés throughout, teaches the native girls to sing *Nuts in May*, and is always clamouring for poor Ginger Ted's imprisonment.

This, of course, is before she hears the call to save him. That comes about in this way. There is a fever on another island, Ginger Ted has to volunteer to go and help, and the two of them are forced to spend a night together on the beach. When Ginger Ted leaves the fireside, poor Miss Jones cowers in momentary expectation of the Fate Worse than Death. But Ginger Ted, as she finds to her embarrassment, walks past with quite other ends in view.

This, it is suggested, is the turning point of the story. Hell hath no fury like a missionary spared; hence onward, Miss Jones is resolved on Ginger Ted's downfall. She takes a long while to encompass it, but the poor man's doom is certain. Another outbreak of fever finds Miss Jones in a ticklish situation from which Ginger Ted saves her from the natives, and when she praises his dominating manner, and offers him a cup of tea, the kill is practically at hand.

A finely ironic story ends with Ginger Ted, the Kent parson's son, and the missionary whose father died of drunkenness, comfortably settled down (she in a low-cut dress and he a rigid teetotaller) as landlord and landlady of an English country pub. The end is not Mr. Maugham's, but from the film point of view, I think it is its own justification.

"Vessel of Wrath" — Controleur, Beachcomber, Missionary

Somerset Maugham's remittance-man Ginger Ted is brought to screen-life in "Vessel of Wrath" as superbly as Charles Laughton creates every character he plays. Robert Newton is the Dutch Controleur, Elsa Lanchester the missionary, Miss Jones. In the picture she was tucking the bed-clothes round her malaria-struck fanatical brother, who is played by Tyrone Guthrie. "Vessel of Wrath" is at the Regal

It is no good being your own producer unless you give yourself a nice fat part, and *The Vessel of Wrath* is certainly what the trade, borrowing a phrase from Walter Pater, calls a stellar vehicle. Mr. Laughton is seldom off the screen, and his work is always interesting in itself, even when the story is practically at a standstill.

Miss Lanchester's missionary is a clever bit of characterisation, broad, but stopping just this side of farce, and even at times suggesting pathos. Robert Newton, as the Dutch Controleur, reveals again high intelligence and a singularly sympathetic personality, which should bring him more important roles; and I do not share the opinion of a good many critics that Tyrone Guthrie is mis-cast as the Reverend Jones. His missionary is intense and fanatical, and possibly slightly mad; but I found him credible enough for a tale essentially satirical.

"Sweet Devil" has all the features of a Jack Buchanan picture except that Mr. Buchanan (who produced) is not in it. Take a little plot, a little music, a little dancing, and a lot of knockabout, add just a flavouring of sex (if the real thing isn't at hand, some custard powder is practically as good), stir according to taste, and you have a formula as successful as any of Mrs. Beeton's, and not less familiar. Not that Buchanan fans, or Bobby Howes fans in this instance, seem to mind. The thing keeps moving; Mr. Howes's alarums and excursions, when his partner's sweetheart has to be plied with champagne to stop her from getting out of his bed to join the rest of the guests, will be reckoned monstrously diverting; and I haven't seen so many custard-pies thrown, when the trouble does start, since the heyday of Fatty Arbuckle. Jean Gillie, slim, pretty and amateurish, is the cause of all the trouble.

Three new American pictures have players worth seeing in their several ways. Walter Huston, so magnificent in *Dodsworth*, gives another fine performance in *Of Human Hearts*. So do Beulah Bondi and James Stewart, and in its rather sombre fashion, the production is first-class.

Alcatraz Island, a new and lively gangster drama, marks another step in the progress of John Litel towards stardom. With his heavy features, slow smile, and weighty voice, he reminds me so much of Major Robert Rogers that I am wondering whether he shouldn't have the lead in *North-West Passage*, instead of Spencer Tracy.

The third film is only a Western, *The Boss of Lonely Valley*, and not a very good one. But Buck Jones is a surprisingly accomplished actor. He came to the screen from rodeo, he never served in repertory, and I don't suppose he ever had a lesson in his life. Yet his delivery, clear and strong, easy yet dominating, might serve as an object lesson to half the actors on the screen, and rather more than half the actors on the West End stage.

Portrait of Lady Tichborne

Young Lady Tichborne is the wife of the fourteenth baronet, Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne, whose place is the old and beautiful Tichborne Park in Hampshire. She was Antonia Snagge, twin daughter of Sir Harold Snagge (her twin is now Mrs. Esmond Baring), and was married in 1936. She is a year younger than her husband, who will be twenty-four in June

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Ashley Havinden, Art Director of Crawford's Advertising

Have you seen an oval blob of light blue and dark blue with MILK smeared across it in cool, white letters? Have you seen a hundred-and-one imitations? That is typical of Havinden's work, always a move or two ahead of the rest. It was his precious bud of originality that William Crawford spotted sixteen years ago and acquired for 10s. a week. Within eight years the recruit was a director, soon to become an internationally acknowledged maestro, publisher of a book on line drawing, designer of a script. Last August he had three concurrent exhibitions: of poster and publicity work, of rug and fabric designs, and of paintings; they illustrated the extension of his interest from the abstraction of formal shapes (advertising) to pure abstraction (painting). But he remains first an advertising man, closely bound up with Crawford's enlightened policy. In fact, he married a director, Miss Margaret Sangster, and as her job is the co-ordination of artists, writers and selling policy, she is in a way in charge of Ashley Havinden

Photographs by Peter Rose-Pulham

Salvador Dali

A Surrealist at Home

Salvador Dali and his beautiful and intelligent wife have just moved into their new, large and fantastic apartment in Paris where these pictures of Dali were taken. Dali has lived in Paris for ten years: he was born in Catalonia, in 1904, studied painting in Madrid and rapidly, after he moved to France, assumed a leading position in the surrealist movement. He is a fine painter, and his gifts combined with his scientific precise mind have made surrealism in his work more acceptable to non-surrealist artists, more nearly intelligible to the general public than any other painter of the movement. He gave a one-man show in London last year, and has exhibited widely in Paris, in New York, and elsewhere. He has collaborated in two French films, and has just returned from Hollywood, where he has collaborated in a film with Harpo Marx, an actor much admired by the surrealists. He is going to do the decor and costumes for *Tristan Fou*, one of the eight new ballets to be composed by Massine for the World Art (Massine-Blum) company

Dressing. *French to the finger-tips, she spends more dressing-time over the finishing touches than anything else*

New Shoes. *Another pair of toe-less satin sandals arrives; she looks them over thoroughly before putting them away*

Morning Air. *It's spring, and portant, so she has to reprimand*

A Film Star's Day

Annabella in Hollywood

Photographs by Fritz Henle, New York

Morning Sun. *When she comes down she plays with the dogs on the lawn; that keeps them out of mischief for a bit*

Cocktails. *Back from the studio, she and her brother decide it's time to mix themselves a drink*

the flower-beds begin to be im-
the dogs from her bedroom

France has suffered no less than most European film centres from the magnetic menace of Hollywood. Simone Simon, Danielle Darrieux, now Annabella have sailed across the stormy ocean, and who knows when they 'll return ? Annabella, born a Mlle. Charpentier, now Mme. Jean Murat, has already conquered the English Channel with *Wings of the Morning ;* her *Dinner at the Ritz* was at the New Gallery last month. Arrived in Hollywood, Simone Simon lent her servants and she soon settled down, has already made *The Baroness and the Butler* with William Powell and is working on *Ellis Island* from a tale by Michael Romanoff. Sometimes she has a rest, and lets the photographers into the house

Exercise. *If There 's Time She 'll Play a Game of Tennis*

Relaxing. *She wants to read but neither Emily Post on Etiquette nor Webster's Dictionary seems quite right*

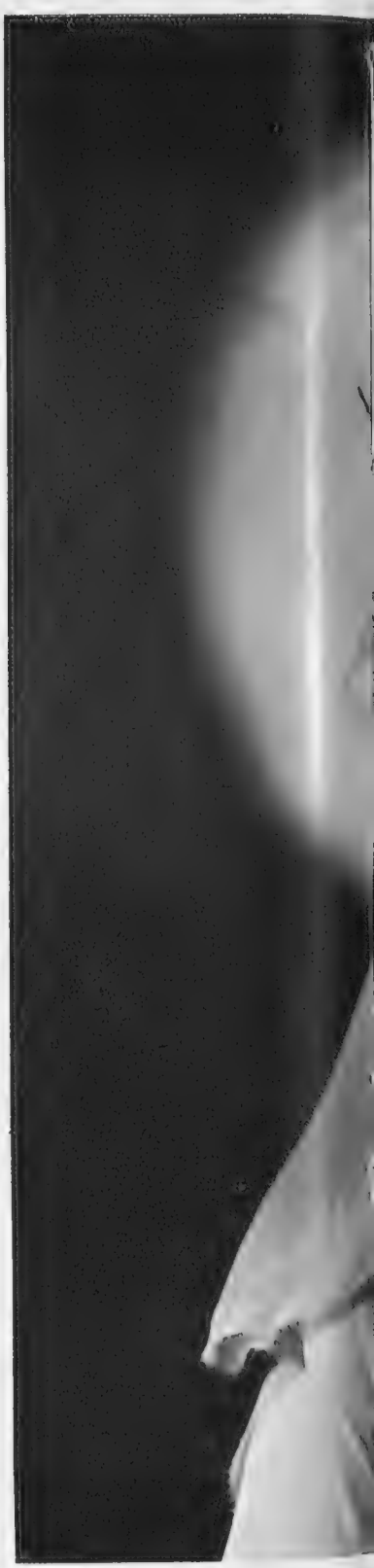
Music. *Dissatisfied with her library she has an idea of playing the piano : it 's a sonata, and would it be Mozart?*

Reverie. *Another day over—how far away France seems ! Maybe she 'll write a letter home*

Pamela May

A Vic - Wells Dancer in

As Chariana in "Carnaval"



Pamela May, as much as any dancer in the company, has "grown up" at Sadler's Wells. Up to two years ago she was a schoolgirl; since then and particularly this season she has developed into a young dancer of quality, with some very beautiful movements, especially in the fluid suppleness of her legs and feet, and with a quietly charming personality. Behind her present reserve seem to lie many possibilities for her future as an artist. Her newest part, as the Moon in *Horoscope*, suits her to perfection; her dancing here is really a soft and serene illumination of the ballet's pattern. Her other solo parts include the Queen of the Wilis in *Giselle*, cool and proud, the gentle Red Queen in *Checkmate*, the Fairy in *Baiser de la Fée*. In several ballets, including *Lac des Cygnes* (the leading Swans) and *Patineurs*, she and June Brae, being of the same height, are paired

Three of Her Parts

Photographs by Anthony

As the Moon in "Horoscope"

"Horoscope" Again—the Crescent Moon

Below: the Queen of the Wilis in "Giselle"

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Elizabeth Leatham

Her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Robert Leatham, are giving a dance for her and her brother Michael to-night at their London home, 21, Gloucester Place. Elizabeth Leatham, back from finishing-school in Germany, is a debutante; her brother comes of age soon. They both have red hair

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Evangela Del Sandys

She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. G. O. Sandys, of Graythwaite Hall, Lancashire, and 59, Grosvenor Street, where her parents are giving her a dance on May 3rd. She was eighteen last week, has spent the winter in Italy and Paris. Her father's family have been landowners in Cumberland since the thirteenth century

Yevonde

Miss Mary Gordon Finlayson

Her father is Lieut.-General Sir Robert Gordon Finlayson, who takes over his new command — of the British troops in Egypt — next month. Her mother, Lady Gordon Finlayson, comes from Perthshire. Their debutante daughter finished her education in Paris, Italy and Switzerland, so is well equipped with languages, and has also studied domestic economy

Pearl Freeman

Miss Rosamond Seidel

Here is one of the American debutantes of the year, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry George Seidel, of Ravenswood, Kingston Hill, Surrey. Her father is a very important man in the oil world here and in America. Rosamond Seidel was at Westover School in America, and went on to Munich and Paris to study music and languages

She is the only Little Hallingher at Claridge's her daughter's getic girl; she ing, and has

They Enter a New World

Six Debutantes of 1938

Anthony

Miss Madeleine Griffith

daughter of Captain and Mrs. Edward Griffith, of bury Park, Essex; her mother is giving a dance for on July 1st, the night also chosen by Mrs. Seidel for dance. Madeleine Griffith is an out-of-door, ener- hunts regularly, schools her own horses for show- now taken up ski-ing and tennis rather seriously

Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Moira Butler

She is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ossory, and granddaughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Ormonde, and was born in 1920. She has just come back from six months in Germany, likes hunting (which she can do when her parents are at Kilkenny Castle) and dancing. Her mother is giving a dance for her on May 19th at Lord and Lady Ormonde's house in Bryanston Square. The Ossorys' own London house is in St. John's Wood. They have one son, Viscount Thurles, who came of age last year

On the Riviera

Miss Mary Whitmarsh

Mary Whitmarsh, one of Wimbledon's prettiest brunettes, was on her way to play in the Monte Carlo lawn tennis tournament, an early pointer for our championships. Though she is a particularly reliable doubles player, she and Miss Jarvis lost to Mme. Mathieu and Mlle. Boegner, eventual winners, in the Beaumont Doubles

Miss Rosamond Fellowes

Sub-deb Rosamond Fellowes wore a smart dark-blue coat over her tennis things. She is the Hon. Reggie and Mrs. Fellowes' daughter, a cousin of Lord de Ramsey through her father

Princesse Jacqueline de Broglie and Mlle. de Pastré

Two decorative lookers-on at the Monte Carlo tennis tournament were Princesse Jacqueline de Broglie, younger of Mrs. Reggie Fellowes' two daughters by her first marriage, and Dolly de Pastré, daughter of Comte Guy de Pastré. The former wore a pineapple clip, the latter two nigger boys

M. Christian Boussus and Miss Gracyn Wheeler

Boussus is the French Davis Cup player: at Monte Carlo he and Brugnon reached the final of the Butler Cup to lose to the new French pair, Bolelli and Pellizza, and in the singles he lost the final to Puncec. Miss Wheeler, ranked No. 4 in U.S.A., lost her singles semi-final to Miss Scriven

Mr. and Mrs. Hughie de Rougemont

This was not taken at Monte Carlo but at Cannes. Mr. and Mrs. de Rougemont were holidaying there with his father, a former chairman of Lloyds, and are here sitting in the Riviera sunshine at the Carlton outdoor bar

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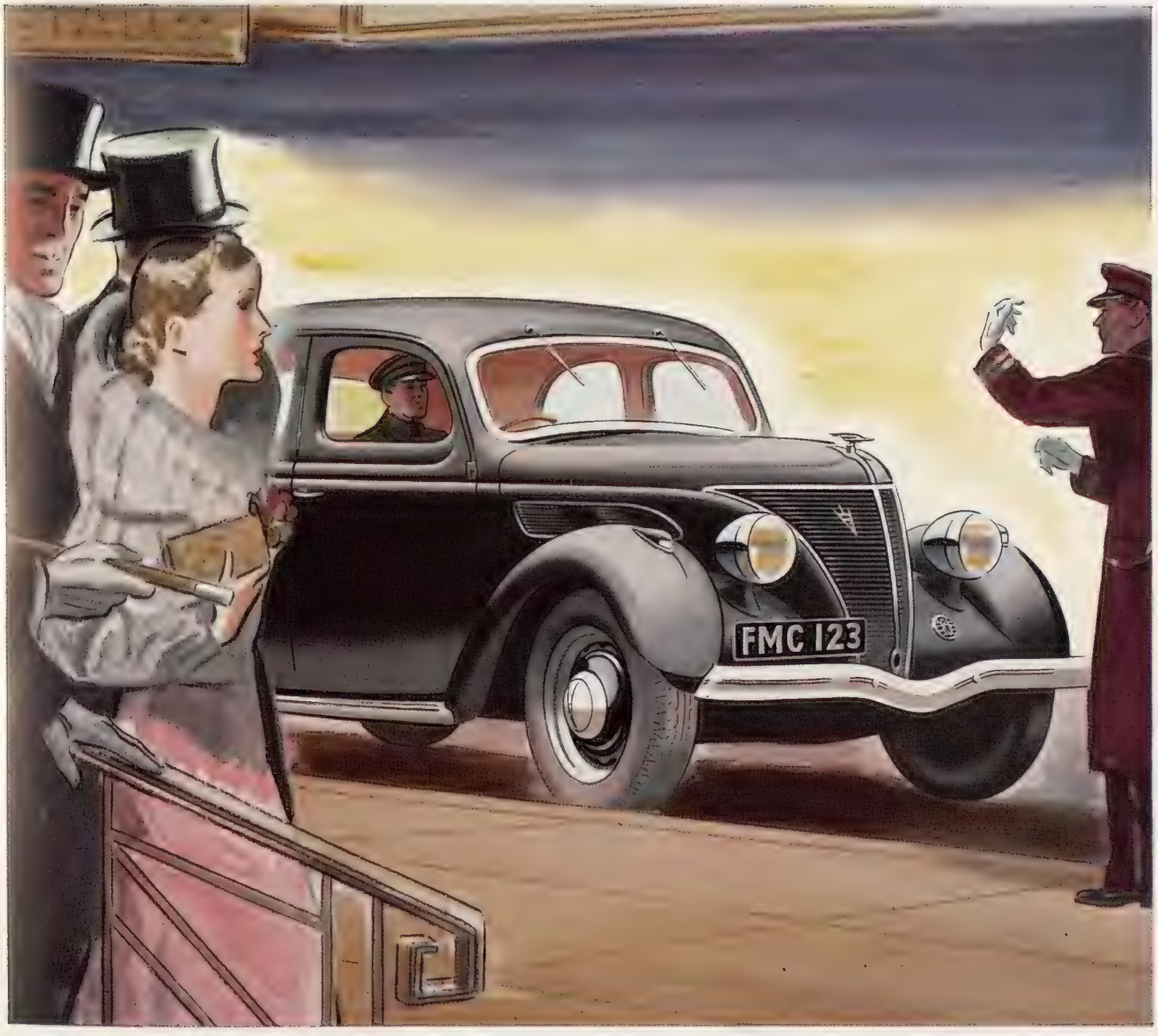

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 130

The Magic Mirror

By Algernon Blackwood

Illustration by C. F. Tunnicliffe

It was the last night on board the Borotania, as she was due in New York next morning. Most of the passengers were busy packing up in their cabins, so that when I strolled into the smoking-room I found it nearly empty, with only a straggler or two lined up at the bar. Fatty, however, was sitting in his usual corner with his two inseparables, Jimmy and Baldy, whose real names I never discovered.

When I came in Baldy was talking about systems at roulette.

"There are no systems worth a curse," he was saying. "It 's all boloney to say there are. And most of the wheels are crooked, anyhow."

"I guess you 're right," Fatty agreed, "though I did once come across a system that was infallible. The trouble was I couldn't work it long enough to make a real killing."

"And how was that?" Jimmy enquired.

"Just that the inventor faded away before we could clean up," explained Fatty. "Hard luck, you call it! Hard luck isn't the right word. It was a catastrophe. That 's what it was, Baldy—a catastrophe!"

"Well, let 's have the whole lie, Fatty," said Jimmy and Baldy together, "and we 'll tell you what we think."

"It 's gospel truth," came the rejoinder, "and no lie at all, though I can't blame you if you don't believe it. It was about the strangest thing I ever ran up against—which is saying a lot. To this day I don't know what to make of it. It worked. I will say that for it. But it 's got me beat just the same.

"It is some years ago now," Fatty resumed, delighted to have even what he considered a dud audience of two, "that I stayed on rather late at Monte. The season was over, and the Sporting Club, together with a whole lot of the better hotels, closed down. I had my quarters in a small pub. on the Rue des Moulins, I remember, as my own joint was closed, too. The grub wasn't too good, and I used to drop in now and again at Quinto's to get myself a good lunch.

"One day, after lunch, I turned into the public gardens to smoke a cigar and look at the flowers before creeping home for a nap; and I remember that the cigar, given to me up at the golf course by a millionaire friend of mine, was particularly good. I was enjoying it, smoking away and feeling at peace with all the world, when I noticed a curious-looking figure moving along the path towards me. He was an oldish fellow with a straggly white beard, and he was wearing a funny sort of hat on his head. I had never seen a hat quite like it before, but I found out afterwards that it was called a 'terai,' or some sort of name like that, and that it was worn a lot in India.

"There were plenty of empty seats all round me and I prayed to God the old fellow wouldn't come and sit down within talking distance of me and my cigar. Yet that was exactly what he did. The old bozo comes tottering along till he gets to my bench, and then he parks himself bang down quite close to me. Yes, he parked himself just next door, so that I expected the next minute he would turn and ask me for a match.

"But he had his match all right—his stinking cheroot, too—and he lights up and puffs away without a spot of trouble. Now, as you boys know, if there is one thing I cannot stand, it 's the smoke from one of those greenhouse bug-killers, so as soon as he got going I was for going, too. I sort of shifted my legs before getting up, and it was just then he turns and looks at me. Did I say 'looks at me'? I can only tell you duds that there was something in his eyes that made me think of lightning. He spoke at the same time. And his first remark somehow took my breath away. I mean by that I hadn't expected it.

"'Could you tell me something about the gambling here?' he asks.

"'Sure,' I says, getting my breath back a bit, 'sure I can. What 's troubling you, stranger?'

"His eyes flashed that queer way again, but all he gives me back was innocent enough. 'I understand they play a game called roulette,' he says, 'but I don't know anything about it. I 'd like to.'

"'The less you know, the cheaper for you,' I tells him, knowing the answer pat. For he didn't look to me like a man to play the tables, what with his 'Oxford voice' and his strange face that was half a monk and half, I guess, a scholar. 'Keep your money,' I adds, 'if you 've got any.'

"'But I want to make some money,' he explains straight off the reel and quite honest-sounding. 'I 've got a plan that 's certain.'

"And this time I looks him straight in the eye, lightning or no lightning—though I admit there was something in his eye that made me sort of wonder.

"'Now, listen, pal,' I tell him, with a fatherly touch that I knew didn't quite come off. 'Listen to me, will you? Every train that pulls into this burg has some sucker on it that thinks he 's going to make good dough, but only one in ten thousand ever gets away with it. You take my advice and beat it back to Timbuctoo, or wherever you hail from, and just forget it.' And I takes a good puff at my cigar for having given good

(Continued on page 432)

The Magic Mirror *(Continued from page 431)*

advice for once, feeling easy in my conscience, if you know what I mean——

" ' I come from Thibet, not Timbuctoo,' he corrects me slap, flashing those googly eyes my way, ' and I 've got with me a magic mirror. I can't lose. It 's a magic mirror from Thibet, you see.' And his stinking cheroot puffed across into my face and made me cough.

" Well, of course, I knew then that the old boy was nuts. That Thibet-and-magic business proved it. And yet there was something about him that had me guessing. I had the feeling that he knew a thing or two I didn't know. I can't express it quite. I knew I was on the wrong tack, anyway. He had something I 'd never met before. I was underrating him. He was child-like; crazy if you like, but he was something else as well. I only know I let my cigar—that millionaire cigar—go out. That shows you, maybe!

" ' What 's the great idea? ' I says, more easily than I felt. ' Are you going to flashlight from the mirror into the croupier's eye and then grab some dough? If so, I can tell you right now that those methods won't work here. Maybe they 're all right back in the sticks in your Thibet, but they won't cut any ice here in Monte! '

" He gave me a sort of patient, half-contemptuous look as though I was a kid.

" ' The mirror,' he says quietly, ' shows me what to play—numbers and colours, or whatever the foolishness is.' And he pulls down that awful hat over his lightning blinkers, puffs out a poisonous cloud, and looks out over the flowers in the garden. In other words, he showed me plain enough that he thought I was wasn't yet born.

" Well, this had me fair flummoxed. I just don't know what to say next. I lit up my cigar again, then threw it away as it no longer tasted good. After a bit I got going again. I asked him how he got his mirror, thinking it a fair question. And he gives me a long spiel about how he had been interpreter with a British expedition into Thibet, and how some Lama gave him the mirror. Good stuff, too, right enough. He did the Lama some service or other.

" ' They call them devil-mirrors,' he told me.

" ' For why? ' I asks, wondering what he 'll throw me next.

" ' Because they bring death and riches,' is the answer.

" ' Meself,' I tells him, ' I don't fancy mirrors like that.'

" ' You 've never seen one,' he says, knowing all the answers.

" ' True,' I tells him. ' Maybe I don't want to.'

" He said nothing for a bit then. I had the feeling he thought I was a nit-wit from Kalamazoo. And that 's just what I felt, without knowing why—as though he was giving me the works and I was just dumb.

" Then he gets going again.

" ' I am an old man now,' he says.

" ' I 'm over a hundred, if you care to know, and I wish to try this mirror before I die. I promised the Lama I would. I must. Only, I need a helper. I cannot do it all alone.'

" Well, this flummoxed me right down to the bone. Either he was nuts or I was! Over a hundred, indeed! Why, those eyes belonged to a young man! I thought it over for a bit. ' Where was I? ' I asked myself. ' In Monte or in some weird Thibetan monastery? '

" ' Of course,' I says at length, ' if that 's the way you look at it, I 've got nothing to say. Have you got the mirror with you? I 'd sure like to have a look at it.'

" ' Certainly,' he agrees, and pulls out of his pocket a little chamois-leather bag and produces from it a small bronze mirror. I handled it cautiously, giving it the once-over. It had some curious figures twined round the polished surface. Naked men and women and their faces were awful. I 'm pretty hard-boiled myself, but, believe me, those faces made me shudder so I could hardly bear to look at them. The old boy's mug, too, had something in common with them, it strikes me.

" ' Now,' he says, watching me hard, ' do you notice anything peculiar about it? '

" I looked carefully and turned the mirror round in various directions so as to get the reflection of the gardens and the trees. ' No,' I tells him at last, ' I can't say that I do.'

" ' Have you seen your own face in it? ' he asked at length, with a smile I didn't care much about. His question gave me quite a shock.

" ' No,' I tell him—' I have not.'

" ' Just as well,' he says, ' for if you did you would die.'

" With that I hands him back his mirror as quick as I could, but he only laughs quietly to himself and slips it back into its bag. And then I began thinking things over to myself a bit. After all, I thought, you don't get handed devils' mirrors in Thibet for nothing. I guess the old boy had to do his stuff before the Lama gave it to him—something pretty tough, too, or one of the local gorillas could have handled it. And so I came to the conclusion it was better not to ask any more questions. The only thing that really mattered was whether the mirror would work or not.

" ' Go in and try it,' I says to him straight. ' Why not? '

" But he has the answer to that, too. ' I must have someone with me,' he explains again. ' When I see the numbers in the glass I can't attend to putting the money on as well. I need a helper; someone I can trust. And I trust you.'

" I had got this far when a wave of suspicion came over me. The old boy was a ' con.' man, and he was sure trying to play me for a sucker. I expected every moment his confederate would come rolling up with some plausible yarn, and that they would start stringing me along to put up some dough. I kept my eyes wide open, but I saw no one. And to fill in time I asked him about Thibet. He told me plenty about the country and certainly seemed to know his stuff all right, but as I couldn't check up on it, this didn't get us very far. It sounded genuine, all the same. He said he had been born at a mission station right on the frontier and that his nurse had been a Thibetan woman. When his parents died he had got a job with the Indian Government, and had now retired with a pension and was on his way to England. He told me a lot, too, about having promised the Lama something about the mirror, but I just couldn't make head or tail of that. He wanted, anyway, to use it for getting money, and here in Monte he saw a chance. So I let it go at that.

" ' Sure you 've never seen a roulette wheel? ' I asks him.

" ' Never,' says he.

" ' Well, I 'll take you right along and show you one,' I says, and I bring the old bird down the street till we get to a shop that has them in the window. Half the shops in Monte stock them, as you know, so that we hadn't far to go. I watches the old fox careful to see if he 's going to do an act, but he seems genuinely interested, and he soon got wise to the numbers and dozens and all that, and how it worked. Then I asks him how the mirror 's going to show him what to back.

" ' I shall see the numbers or the colour in the glass,' says he.

" ' Well, if you 've got any dough,' I suggests, ' let 's go to the rooms and give the thing a whirl.'

" ' I have a thousand francs,' he says, ' if you think that will be enough.'

" ' Plenty,' I tell him, ' if the mirror 's any good. But let 's start gently with a hundred-franc stake, just to see how she goes. If we win, we go on; if we lose, we don't. How 's that strike you? '

" ' We shall win,' he says, calm as you like, ' and half the winnings will be yours. You are entitled to them for your kindness to a stranger.'

" Well, this little spiel goes down very well with me, so I just says ' Thank you,' and takes his hand on it. Talk of a grip! That old hundred-per-center had a fist like iron. Anyway, we wanders over to the Casino and I gets him a ticket for the salle privée and in we goes. And, let me tell you, the old bozo was on the up-and-up all right, for when we gets to the rooms he hands over his *mille* and asks me to do the staking while he consults his little mirror.

" Now, as chance would have it, the rooms weren't crowded, and we got a coupla good seats right at the end of one of the tables. I had changed the note into *plaques*, and we were all set. The old guy trots out his mirror and starts staring into it. I watches him close. After a minute or two his face kind of changes. His skin went whiter and his features became sort of fixed and hard. I thought at first he 'd dropped off to sleep maybe with his eyes wide open, only I caught a flash of what I call the lightning in them and knew he was just too concentrated to blink. You might have thought he was a flapper going to put the lip-stick on with that mirror in front of him. It was sure a queer sight. I notice the croupier nearest to us seems kind of inquisitive and keeps looking at him, but he doesn't say anything.

" They were paying out just when we sat down, but now they spin the wheel and it is time to stake. I glance at the old crank and he mutters ' Fifteen,' hardly moving his lips. It was fifteen the time before, but all the same, my *plaque* goes on, and sure enough, up she comes—fifteen! Now that, of course, might be just luck, but it gave me confidence, all right, so when next time the

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Five Engagements

Lenare

The Hon. Elizabeth McLaren

***Elizabeth Mary McLaren** is Lord and Lady Aberconway's eldest daughter. She is going to be married in June to Kenneth Ralph Malcolm Carlisle, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Carlisle, of 10, Cadogan Square, S.W.1*

***Moyra Lubbock**, whose brother, Lord Avebury, was married last month, is engaged to Dorian Williams, elder son of Major and Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, of Hornblotton House, Castle Cary. Her mother is Lady Wardington*

***Angela Chatfield** has announced her engagement to the M.P. for Basingstoke, Mr. Patrick Donner, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ossian Donner; she is Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield and Lady Chatfield's elder daughter*

***Patricia Ravenscroft** is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ravenscroft, of The Abbey, Storrington, Pulborough, Sussex, and is to marry Captain Sir Walter de Stopham Barttelot, Bt., of Stopham House, Pulborough, son of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir Walter Barttelot*

***Alice Bowe** is the only child of the late Francis Bowe, of Timaru, N.Z., and Mrs. Bowe, now of Eastbourne; she is engaged to the Hon. Patrick Ogilvie-Grant of Grant, only son of Lord and Lady Strathspey*

Cannons of Hollywood

The Hon. Angela Chatfield

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Patricia Ravenscroft

Bassano

The Hon. Moyra Lubbock

Bassano

Miss Alice Bowe

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

From One Generation to Another

By Alan Thomas

Bravo, Phyllis Bentley! Having done it with *Inheritance* (to mention only one of her successes, and what a grand novel it was too!), now she has done it again with *Sleep in Peace* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*). This book is a winner. The title comes from Feuchtwanger's *The Ugly Duchess*: "Sleep in Peace, father! I will be different from you." Which immediately suggests the theme—the transition from one generation to another. The generation we are most concerned with here is the author's own—a generation which was reared in the final decade of last century, when England was secure and still industrially expanding, and which emerged into the maelstrom of present-day uncertainty, conflicting loyalties and doubt. The story is laid in the West Riding of Yorkshire and the cast—far too numerous for anything like detailed mention here, just as the tale would take columns even to outline—are nearly all of them either Armisteads or Hinchliffes, two families who are joined together in the business of cloth-making, and whose fortunes, friendships and incompatibilities form the basis of the story. From the death of Queen Victoria to the death of George V. we watch the new generation emerging, casting off with increasing confidence and speed the shackles that their parents tried to rivet on them. We live again through old familiar scenes — Victorian childhood, Victorian family life with all its straitlaced prejudices and its inhibitions: the early struggles to give the children a good schooling: the clash of views on the subject of careers: the evolution of the New Woman with her desire to "find some noble work to do for the world and nobly perform it"; and then the war (how well Miss Bentley recaptures the spirit of those hectic days!): and after the war, the attempt—and failure—to build the new world on the out-of-date foundations of the old: and finally our own days when the grandparents, if they are alive, can only look on and shake their heads in bewilderment, while those sons and daughters who have survived the war do their best to conceal their disappointment, taking refuge, perhaps, like one of Miss Bentley's characters, in the Roman Catholic Church; and their children find new gods in Stalin or in Mussolini.

If the book has a message, it is that each generation, though it may not provide the next with a ready-made solution to its problems, can at least provide a standard by which to judge them. "To implement the ideals of her own generation, as a standard of comparison for the newer ideologies—if there was still time"—these are the closing words of one of the most absorbing and worthwhile novels I have read in years. Miss Bentley has not drawn any outstanding character—any character that by itself is likely to live in fiction; but she has given us a grand panorama, and peopled it with characters that are full of life and individuality. *Sleep in Peace*, by Phyllis Bentley—make a note of it.

Liam O'Flaherty on the Atlantic

The Irish author was crossing the ocean that batters his native Arran, returning from the country that made a prize film of his book "The Informer" and where he wrote "Hollywood Cemetery." He chose Cuba for his headquarters while working on a new novel

And now for Mr. Richard Aldington. Have you ever watched an angry man laying about him as hard as he knows how? Maybe the spectacle has its funny moments; but on the whole it's a pretty embarrassing experience. I'm afraid I had something of this feeling as I turned over the pages of Mr. Aldington's latest novel, *Seven Against Reeves* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The unfortunate hero is a city man whom we meet for the first time on the morning after his retirement. For thirty years he has slaved at his desk and now at last the time has come for him to enjoy his hard-earned leisure. That is the idea. But it works out altogether otherwise. His wife, who is a snob of the first water, gets enmeshed in the toils of one Anselm Hawksneetch, as nasty a bit of work in the way of social parasites as ever slithered across a drawing-room floor. With the assistance of a set of up-stage intellectuals and some back-biting specimens on the outer fringes of society, this Ansie Hawksneetch leads the Reeves family right up the garden path. Under the guise of introducing them to the "right" people, he stages a number of social gatherings—all at other people's expense, with a rake-off for himself—at which various bogus artists, percussion pianists, et hoc genus omne parade their wares and manage to plant them on the wretched Mr. Reeves. The antics of Hawksneetch and his friends provide any number of targets for Mr. Aldington's barbed arrows. Modern painting, modern music, modern ideas of interior decoration, modern notions of "cultchah"—all are shown up and all are mercilessly shot to pieces. And, just as there is no mercy, so there is no discrimination and no subtlety. The satire in fact is so unsubtle that it ceases to be satire, and becomes instead just heavy artillery. And artillery bombardments tend to be wearisome at best. In short, a savage book.

Salvador de Madariaga, if not one of the architects, was at all events one of the chief builders of that world order which in spite of its battered appearance to-day we still call new. To a vast practical experience of international affairs he adds a capacity for writing about them with freshness and originality, and the same goes for his latest book, *The World's Design* (Allen and Unwin; 10*s.* 6*d.*). The first part is a masterly analysis of the present chaos. Our great error up to now has been that we, as nations, have clung on to the idea of national sovereignty long after it has ceased to be of any use. Until national sovereignty goes, therefore, there can be no enduring peace. In the latter part of the book the author develops his proposals for a World Commonwealth. These proposals are Liberal and Democratic, and are nearly all of a positive character—a World Trade Commission, a World Bank, a World Mandates' Administration, and so on. The weakness of Señor de Madariaga's case is that, while it would work admirably among the free nations of the West, it would not, according to present indications, go down frightfully well with the dictator countries. In any case, a good deal of work would have to be done both in this country and elsewhere by Señor de Madariaga's suggested World Association for the Advancement of World Citizenship before a World Commonwealth could strike firm roots.

"Dick Sheppard by His Friends" (Hodder and Stoughton; 5*s.*) contains half-a-dozen or so appreciations as well as a sketch of Dick Sheppard's career. No one of these impressions catches him "in the round," but they are valuable in giving the reader an idea of Dick Sheppard's many-sided life and character. The royalties on this book will all be paid to the St. Martin-in-the-Fields Relief Committee.

Howard Marshall on Sport

Now that our Test Match selectors have been chosen, the cricket season seems to come appreciably nearer. As I write, it is cricket weather, and these old bones are losing their winter stiffness. If only we are blessed with as much sun in June and July, the cricket season is already a success, however roughly the Australians may treat us.

The choice of A. B. Sellers and M. J. Turnbull to work with Sir Pelham Warner and P. A. Perrin as selectors is admirable and most encouraging. The blend of past and present experience could not be better. To the exceptionally wide knowledge of Sir Pelham Warner and the quiet astuteness of Mr. Perrin we now have added just the leaven of contemporary wisdom which was needed.

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Mr. C. J. F. Platt (right), 3rd Hussars, brought off a fine double on a fine day in the Aldershot Military March Meeting at Tweseldown. He won the Grand Military Hunters' Cup on his Mr. Kirk, the Services' Open Cup on his Belgian Knight

A Praiseworthy Double

Oxford and Cambridge Captains

Hermione Hoare (St. Hilary's) and Margaret Hoggarth (Newnham) captained respectively the first Oxford and Cambridge women's teams to meet at squash. Oxford, the home team, won by 3 rubbers to 2

The Junior Figure-Skating Champion

Shirley Tory was the youngest competitor and the winner in the junior figure-skating championships of Great Britain at the Queen's Ice Club. H. Graham-Sharp, senior champion, helped her off with her skates after. She is twelve

Cambridge President

E. C. Weir (Brighton Grammar School and Christ's) captained Cambridge at the White City

Good Kicking Made the Navy Champions

The Army-Navy match at Twickenham was one of the best this season, and the latter's win by a point made them Service champions for the first time since 1931. The soldiers crossed the line three times but failed to convert and within four minutes of time they led by four points. Then, from a loose scrum like this, a Navy forward sent out a long shot to Vavasour, he sent an even longer one to Kirkby, who collected and touched down. But the longest of all was W. H. Crawford's magnificent place kick, which left the crowd cheering till the whistle went

Oxford President

Alan Pennington (Berkhamsted and Hertford), President of the O.U.A.C., was due to race against Godfrey Brown in the 100 yards and quarter mile

Howard Marshall on Sport *(continued from page 435)*

Sellers and Turnbull, two very shrewd and level-headed county captains, will bring to their deliberations a practical playing experience which should be invaluable. Practice, in fact, will displace theory as the basis for selection, and that should greatly increase our chances.

I NOTICE everywhere a campaign against cricket defeatism. Let us but have confidence, and there is no sort of reason why we should not beat the Australians. It is true enough that we do handicap ourselves by our pessimistic outlook, but I fancy that this summer we shall go into battle far more cheerfully. We must certainly organise ourselves for victory. Our methods in the past have been far too haphazard.

There is a great deal to be said for the contention that the England team should have a team manager to relieve them of all responsibilities. The players, in fact, must be free to concentrate entirely on the game, with none of the petty but distracting worries which have plagued them in former years.

A touring team works like a machine, with every detail of the campaign mapped out most carefully. An England team should be equally well organised in this country, and I hope steps will be taken to this end before it is too late.

One other point. Everyone will applaud the decision to pay professional players more for Test Matches, and a particularly welcome innovation is the fact that their travelling and hotel expenses are also being looked after. Last time the Australians were here our professionals had to pay their own hotel bills, and as this coincided with a well-intentioned movement to make the whole team stay at the same hotel, which proved to be the most expensive one in Manchester, Test Matches were neither popular nor profitable.

***Norwegian** Laila Schou-Nilsen, who won the ladies' Downhill at Garmisch in 1936 when thirteen years old, came eighth this year at Engelberg. The world championships there were organised by the International Ski Federation*

PERHAPS we are being a little previous in discussing cricket at such length, when next Saturday, with due deference to our Irish and Welsh friends, is the greatest day in the Rugby football year—the Calcutta Cup match at Twickenham, and if you know anyone who wants to back Scotland, pass him on to me.

It should be a grand game, the climax of an extraordinary international season. There is, unfortunately, as we go to press, a doubt about a key player on either side. R. C. S. Dick, one of Scotland's three mid-field musketeers, has water on the knee slightly, a troublesome business, and F. J. Reynolds, the England stand-off half, is recovering from 'flu, and just possibly may not be really fit.

Putting such unhappy thoughts out of mind, however, and hoping that both teams will appear as selected, my own view is that England should win quite comfortably. Unless a March wind comes to upset our calculations, it should not be one of these fantastically high-scoring matches, though the scoring this year has been rather an encouraging sign of aggression.

I suppose Scotsmen are hoping, and even expecting, to see Shaw, Dick and Macrae go romping through the England centre, but I fancy they will be disappointed. These three players will romp, admittedly, on the slightest provocation. Give them a smell of the ball and half an opening, and they will be gone with the wind. I doubt, though, whether they will often enough have that smell of the ball.

THE Scottish selectors, in their wisdom, have decided that Scotland's scrummaging against Ireland was good enough. This surprises me considerably. I should have said that the Scottish front row failed to bind, and that the packing as a whole was lamentably ragged. Scotland beat Ireland by nine clear points, you may argue, but only because there were loopholes for the opportunist in the Irish mid-field defence, and Ireland could not kick goals. Ireland scored try for try, after all, and that does not represent a Scottish triumph.

As for Scotland's victory over Wales, snatched in the last moment with a penalty goal, we have to remember that Wales lost their best front-row forward soon after the start, and ended up with only six men in the pack. Even so, they held their own forward, which sets the Scottish scrummaging down a peg or two.

England, with H. B. Toft as captain, fully conscious of the importance of the forward struggle, should smash the Scottish pack. If they do, we need not worry overmuch about the brilliance of Shaw, Dick and Macrae. All that matters will be their defence. This England pack is good, make no mistake about that. R. E. Prescott and R. M. Marshall, who came in against Ireland, have brought vitality to it, and there is fierce liveliness in the loose as well as cohesion in the tight.

BEHIND the scrummage Scotland have substituted W. N. Renwick, the Oxford Blue, on the right wing for Drummond, and this should be an improvement, for Renwick is an uncommonly determined runner when the ball reaches him, and that is the point. I hope to see him spending an afternoon devoted to attempts to tackle the monumental Sever, though that is an uncomfortable destiny to wish on any man.

England have made a more vital change—P. L. Candler for Peter Cranmer in the centre. It is sad to see Cranmer go, after all his grand work for England in the last four years, but Candler should do better constructive work, and be no less efficient in covering and general defence.

Against Ireland the English centres signally failed to support Reynolds when he broke through, as he frequently did, but I think Candler will remedy this. This

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***American** George H. Page was captain of the U.S. men's team. He was no more successful than most English-speaking competitors at Engelberg, coming thirty-seventh in the Downhill and thirty-first in the Slalom. With him is Hannah Locke, of the U.S. ladies' team*

***Swiss** ski-ing aces who did not do as well as they were expected to in the FIS championships were Willy Steuri and Heinz von Allmen; they came respectively thirty-fifth and fourteenth in the very fast Downhill race. National combined results were: Germany, 1; Switzerland, 2; France, 3*

F.I.S. Championships at Engelberg

An Expert Spectator *in the brilliant weather at Engelberg was Mlle. Ella Maillart, a Gold K, who has raced for Switzerland, besides crossing Tartary with Peter Fleming. She is with Herr Werner Grob, of Grindelwald, one of the officials of the International Ski Federation*

Austrian *ski champion Eberhard Kneisl wore his team's badge at Engelberg, the imperial eagle of pre-War days. Fourteen countries were represented among the 101 competitors*

German *Christl Cranz was first in combined results with 352 seconds, first in the Slalom with 171·9 seconds, second in the Downhill to her compatriot, Lisa Resch. She has won the FIS ladies' title in 1934, '35 and '37*

French *Emile Allais and James Couttet did excellently for their country but could not make up for the all-round worth of the German team. Allais came second in both Downhill and Slalom, and first in the combined results (as last year); seventeen-year-old Couttet, of Chamonix, won the 2¼-mile Downhill, averaging over 45 m.p.h.*

Swiss *Rudolf Rominger won the men's Slalom on the second day's racing with a time of 183·4 seconds. In the Downhill he came fourth with 206·2 seconds, and in the combined results he was second. The small differences between the runners' times testify to the high general standard; there were also fewer accidents than usual*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Varsity Match

A New Cambridge Blue

T. R. Macgregor, who was one of the reserves last year, is in the team this year for the match at Westward Ho! next week. He is from Rugby and Clare

A New Oxford Blue

D. H. Garrow (Trinity), fourth Wykehamist in the Oxford golf side, also represented his University at ski-ing, won the Downhill Race at Davos

On March 22nd and 23rd the young gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge will be temporary enemies on the golf course of the Royal North Devon Golf Club at Westward Ho! On the first day six foursomes will be played over thirty-six holes and on the second day twelve singles will be played, also over thirty-six holes. On the day before the match starts the four reserves of the two teams will play each other by singles and foursomes for the honour of providing the victors and their team with a free dinner on the night of the match.

I was very largely responsible for what is now called the "Dinner Match." Just after the War, I suggested to the Cambridge captain that he should approach Roger Wethered, the captain of Oxford and try and persuade him that the two reserves should play a match and that the members of the team of the loser should settle the bill for the dinner after the match. Wethered agreed, and the first Dinner Match was played at Sunningdale in 1920. The Cambridge reserve, Ernest le Bas, fully justified the confidence his captain had reposed in him. In those days the Varsity Match was decided by nine singles over thirty-six holes, and those who halved their matches had to continue to play until one or the other had won a hole.

If the Cambridge Team has to pay for the dinner this year I shall be very surprised indeed. The two Cambridge reserves are W. H. Halstead and E. S. Browne, both of whom come from the same school, St. Bees, and are fully entitled, especially Halstead, to regard themselves unlucky to be in residence at a time when their University has a strong team.

There is a tremendous amount of luck in getting and also in not getting a blue or half blue; you may be an international Rugby football player and yet go to Cambridge and find that there is a better international footballer playing in your position on the field; you may also be a wicket-keeper of a first-class county and go up to Oxford and find you have no chance of getting a cricket blue as you have to compete against a man who has already kept against the Gentlemen or England. On the other hand, some years there is not in residence a single man, who is even a reasonably good wicket-keeper, and the Selection Committee (the captain) has to play either a mediocre performer or try to convert one of the bats into a wicket-keeper.

There must have been numerous Cambridge teams into which Halstead could have got with ease, but 1938 is unfortunately for him certainly not one of them.

Nearly every year there is, or are, one or two outstanding players taking part in the Varsity Match. This year there are three outstanding players taking part, the two captains, Kenneth Scott, of Oxford, and George Carter, of Cambridge, and also J. D. A. Langley, of Cambridge, who played in the last Walker Cup Match. As I write, I do not know for certain whether Carter will play against Scott himself, or whether he will make Langley play against him, but there is no doubt that whoever does play Scott, will take part in a match which will be worth while going a very long way to see and one which is certain to produce some very fine golf and many brilliant shots.

The records of these three in matches which have already been played (as I write Cambridge has still to play against the Professionals and the Society and Oxford has still to play Royal St. George's and the Society) are not very impressive, but it must be remembered that playing against the leading players of London clubs on their own courses is a very difficult task for young undergraduates to tackle. Actually Scott has won six singles, lost five and halved three; his best performance was probably his defeat of Alfred Padgham, who conceded three holes, at Southfields. Carter has won six singles, lost four and halved two; two of his four defeats were sustained in the first two singles he played this season.

Langley has the worst record of the three, he has only won three singles, lost seven and halved one, but after a lean time Langley is hitting the ball well and regaining confidence.

Matches at nearly all games are won upon very many more occasions by the tails than the heads of the teams, so what happens when Scott plays his opponent is not of vital importance. From what I have seen I am strongly of the opinion that it will be the members of the Cambridge tail who will decide this match in favour of their team. I think that, in racing parlance, the chance of Cambridge would be this year considered a three-star selection.

The favourites in many Varsity contests of all sorts get defeated on numerous occasions, and we often find that on the day of the match one team plays better than its supporters could possibly hope, while the other plays so badly that its supporters can hardly believe their eyes. Nevertheless, I am not prepared to accept two shillings, fivepence and one halfpenny for the half-crown I have wagered on Cambridge.

Unfortunately, it is not what they call in Scotland a clean half-crown. If you win a clean half-crown, you are not, in honour, bound to ask the loser to celebrate your success, a duty which I have very little doubt I will have to perform at Westward Ho! on the evening of March 23rd and, I may say, I shall be only too glad to do so.

Young Old Boys at the Berkshire Club

Old Harrovians and Old Wellingtonians played a foursomes match round the Berkshire courses, when the latter beat the former, 5—3. In the group (left to right) are: D. S. Allom (W.), D. G. Home (H.), T. A. W. Wynne (W.), M. J. C. Allom (W.), J. J. Buchanan (H.), Dr. N. C. Carver (W.) (restrained by lead), T. W. Awdry (H.), J. A. Board (W.), J. Barclay (H.), R. W. G. Zair (H.) and Lord Newport (H.)

Where's that Tiger?

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOUR GOLF

G.E.769.A.

Promotion for Civil Aviation

By Charles Ward

An air engagement—Miss Dorothy Spicer, the only woman in the Empire qualified to inspect and repair aircraft and engines, is to marry Flight-Lieut. R. C. I. Pearse, R.A.F.O., who is an Operations Officer at the Air Ministry

The Cadman Report

FOR the first time since Winston Churchill decreed that Civil Aviation must fly by itself, the Government has recognised the unsoundness of that doctrine and has decided to pay for commercial air supremacy on an adequate scale. Perhaps "adequate scale" should be qualified—a subsidy of £3,000,000 per annum is adequate for this year and next year, but more will be needed when modern aircraft for passengers, goods, and mails have been put into service. Air routes to every capital in Europe, a line across the South Atlantic, continuing to the principal cities of South America, with a trans-Pacific service from Canada to Hong Kong and south towards Australia and New Zealand will more than double the mileage flown by Imperials and British Airways at the present day. Not the least important section of the Cadman Report which is accepted by the Government, deals with the design and production of new aircraft. We have the Empire flying-boat, built by Shorts for Imperial Airways, but we need boats twice and three times as big for ocean crossings. We have the "Albatross," built by de Havillands, as the only representative of a really fast landplane for air-line work. The "Ensign" looks like being out of date by the time fourteen of them are delivered and proved in service. Meanwhile, America, France, Germany and Italy, particularly the first-named, are ahead of us. Air-liners from the States are in use in many foreign countries and even our own British Airways has had to use Lockheeds on its subsidised routes in Europe. This state of affairs will take some time to remedy. Two years is the minimum period for the design and delivery of a new type. No doubt some of the R.A.F. twin bombers are capable of adaptation for civil needs, but factory space is limited, with Service production in full swing. It is to de Havillands and to the younger firms in the Industry such as Airspeed, Phillips and Powis, General Aircraft, Percival, that the Air Ministry will turn for ideas. There is at least one design, completely costed, which is far ahead of anything else, but it needs the order to put it into the air.

The Home Market

THE Committee has agreed that internal lines should not be directly subsidised, and as a result, the Rail-Air combine, together with the few independent companies still working over the British Isles, will need to offer facilities for carrying mail in order to draw revenue from the State. Until the routes are defined and lit for night flying, and whilst some main aerodromes are unsafe for landing after dark, there being no floodlights, the operating companies cannot get to work on a 24-hour all-the-year-round schedule. It is difficult to resist feeling that the domestic airway, which should be a proving line for new types, will remain in its present state of seasonal daylight operation for another year or so, unless the Air Ministry gets out a plan immediately. A fast line to the Free State is badly needed and long overdue.

Discussing the "Albatross," which is the only British air-liner that achieves "200 hundred miles an hour plus." Left to right: Captain de Havilland, designer; Captain O. P. Jones, a leading commander with Imperial Airways, and Geoffrey de Havilland, test pilot to his father's company

London's Aerodromes

THERE is to be a London Airport Committee whose function will be to examine proposals and plan the travel stations of the future. The Corporation of London is completing its purchase of Fairlop Plain in Essex, so that one new site is guaranteed. Gatwick and Gravesend will no doubt come into the picture again, and the Lullingstone project will be revived. Although Portsmouth and Southampton are neither suburbs of London, yet the Empire Air Base must be considered as a metropolitan station. All traffic for the Dominions and many foreign countries served by flying-boat will radiate to and from London, so that the base chosen is of more interest to the City and London generally than to the exact town which has to provide it. The fact that Portsmouth cannot afford or will not pay for a base to serve London and the Empire should not have prevented the Air Ministry from proceeding independently of the local authority. As the matter stands, Imperial Airways will have to make shift for another eighteen months with a stretch of Southampton Water.

The "Envoy" in Service

OF the smaller air-liners, the "Envoy," built at Portsmouth by Airspeed, has proved a great success. It was developed from the "Courier," the first British 'plane with a retractile chassis, and it is a modified "Envoy" which is used by the King when he flies. Four of this type supplied to the South African Government have covered nearly half a million miles since their delivery in 1936. They work over routes from Johannesburg to Port Elizabeth and to the capital of the territory that was once German South West. This particular batch were designed for conversion to bombers, and, on test, the change from civil form, including the installation of bomb-racks and guns, took four hours. In Czecho-Slovakia, "Envoys" link Prague with Bucharest, Moscow, Venice and Vienna. The longest flight to Moscow, 1366 miles, is timed for ten hours, including all stops. There is an "Envoy" in Australia which flew 1500 hours in little more than a year, requiring only seven minor replacements when its Certificate was renewed. The firm's principal type at the moment is the "Oxford," a twin trainer for the R.A.F., fitted with all the gadgets to be found in the latest bombers.

Facts from India

THE pioneers of modern air transport in India are Tata Sons, Limited, of Bombay, whose aviation department is under the direction of Nevill Vintcent. He himself flew to India some time in 1928 with a converted D.H.9 and toured the country from the foothills of the Himalayas to Ceylon. He interested the Tata group in the possibilities of flying, and except for a brief period as assistant to Captain Tymms, the D.C.A. in India, he has remained with Tatas ever since and has built up the services which link Karachi and Delhi with Bombay, Madras and Colombo. The distance from Karachi, the air gateway to India from the west, to Ceylon, is 1900 miles, as far as from England to Egypt. This route is flown, as a feeder to the Empire mail line, four times a week in each direction. The company owns fourteen aircraft and its fleet has flown one and a half million miles since 1932, with an average regularity of 99·4 per cent.!

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made as only the purest and best Gin can be made, by the process of distillation and rectification, the secret of the House of Gordon,

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By Appointment to The Prince of Wales 1925 to 1936.

WHICH IS BLENDED WITH THE JUICES OF THE FINEST ORANGES AND LEMONS

to make

the Perfect Pair

Purity and perfect ingredients! The juices of the finest oranges and lemons blended with the finest and purest of gins, to produce Gordon's Orange Gin and Gordon's Lemon Gin!

Energising and exhilarating as an appetiser or cocktail, refreshing and invigorating as a long drink with tonic water, ginger ale, etc.

Health giving—not only because of the vitamins contained in the fruit juices—but because they are made with Gordon's Gin.

Gordon's

ORANGE GIN · LEMON GIN

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO., Ltd., GIN DISTILLERS. LONDON

Winner and Donor of the Londonderry Cup

The Londonderry Cup for public schools' old boys' squash was won by Winchester, who beat Eton in the final at the International Sportsman's Club, by three ties to none, with two unfinished. Lord Londonderry afterwards presented his cup to E. Snell, Wykehamists'. first string

Howard Marshall on Sport *(continued from page 436)*

England team, in short, has a powerful look of competence about it which is reassuring, and although Scotland are capable of brilliant things, I recklessly prophesy that the Calcutta Cup will find a home at Twickenham for the coming year.

FINALLY, two optimistic notes, the first of them unblushingly biased. Oxford, say the experts, on their early tideway showing, are the strongest and most hard-working crew either University has produced for many years. It is possible that Cambridge last week were actually faster, but when Mr. Nickalls has made Oxford quick on to the beginning they will take a deal of holding.

SECOND, the emergence of a really promising light-weight—Arthur Danahar, of Bethnal Green, who impressed us greatly on his first appearance at the National Sporting Club. We knew him as an amateur champion, but the amateurs do not always maintain their form when faced with the rigours of the professional game. Danahar bids fair to be a most creditable exception to the rule.

Champions and a Fiancée

Ralph Nichols (centre), All-England Badminton champion for the fifth time, is with his brother Leslie and his fiancée, Miss Peggy Burghes. The brothers retained the men's doubles title together

Scratch Scores and So Forth

By Eleanor E. Helme

HAVE we not all, in the days of our youth—and sometimes since—played pencil-and-paper games? And haven't we found that the choice of the letter made all the difference between a pen flowing with seaside resorts, names of plays, Shakespearean heroines, or whatnots, and three minutes of pencil-sucking, with a blank sheet at the end of it? From which experience, have you not an affection for some letters over others? Was not "S" always an initial full of hope—and endless possibilities? If the subject were golf-courses, you were equally rich in choice: St. Andrews, Sandwich — with a good healthy argument over St. George's and Prince's—Saunton, St. Enodoc, Sunningdale—the list was endless.

Soldiers Lost to Ladies

A team from the ladies' section of the Camberley Heath Club met a team from the Staff College at Camberley Heath, beating them by 5 matches to 3. These opponents are Captain A. J. O. Turner and Miss B. Stead

AND thus it is this week. I turned to the letter "S" in a file wherein lives information, for the Scratch Score Scheme of the L.G.U. Therein I found also the *Star* Tournament, and its record entry for the 1938 tournament. Sixty-one clubs are going to try their luck with five players a side under scratch conditions, the newcomers this year being Bushey Hall, Welwyn Garden City, Mannings Heath, West Surrey, West Kent, and Ealing. It is one of the funny perversities of chance that the holders, West Hill, should have drawn Woodcote Park, whom they have also to tackle in the first round of the London Foursomes.

AND then I get down to the scratch score scheme of the L.G.U. This is being dealt with in length and detail by Mrs. Philip Hodson in *Fairway and Hazard*, and very interesting it is for those who have time to follow it. An enormous amount of work has been put in already, and more will be, before all the one and a half thousand affiliated clubs are correctly assessed—and even then no doubt some of them will still grumble. But the scheme faces facts, and that alone is an enormous recommendation. For example, it recognises that most people rush to take out cards and reduce their handicaps under summer conditions; that means that a scratch score must be fixed under summer conditions, or players will inevitably earn too low handicaps. Give a course a scratch score of 73 which fits summer play, naturally people will not reduce their handicaps or touch par in winter, but it will be the same for all of them. Then another real fact bravely faced is that all courses, even of the same length, and even of the same scratch score, if worked out merely hole by hole, are not of equal difficulty: extra strokes under the new scheme may be added in cases of extra difficulty or excess length which does not come, so to speak, into round sums. It is as if odd shillings and pence on a number of small bills should be disregarded individually, but taken as one big payment if they added up to more than a certain amount.

AS to difficulties, whether of hazard or of absence of run, the men's Union have already grouped the courses of the British Isles, and that grouping will be adopted, as it stands, by the L.G.U.

The great problem has been to determine the length of shots on which it was reasonable to base a woman's scratch score. Exhaustive experiments and tests have proved that a first-class woman's pitch averages 175 yards, which is 12 per cent. less than that of a man, but that her run is almost as great as that of a man, and that she gets, in comparison, a greater length of pitch with a brassie than she does with a driver. For which phenomena nobody has yet offered an explanation, and I shall certainly not try. More than half the total number of affiliated courses are in the group which gives a woman a run of 26 to 30 yards off a drive in summer, and are placed in the group known as "Three." St. Andrews alone is in the group known as "Six."

All very intriguing, and amazingly interesting for those who can help. For the rank and file the great thing is for them to realise that their handicaps will be worked out exactly as at present; the change is in the method of scratch score-fixing, not in handicap-earning.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Simple, easy lines, brilliant colours and a profusion of unusual prints are some of the outstanding characteristics of this season's clothes. There is something essentially gay and youthful about this ensemble from the coats and skirts department on the ground floor at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It costs twelve and a half guineas and is carried out in black satin-backed marocain with a printed silk jacket strewn with multi-coloured butterflies. A few of these have settled on the dress which is draped into soft folds at the waist, and has long sleeves. The length of coats varies enormously this season; some are three-quarter length with a slight swing, others flared and fitted like a tunic, or full-length and cut like a redingote. Sailor suits have come into fashion, and Marshall and Snelgrove are showing a delightful model which reminds one of the sort of clothes one's brother used to wear. It consists of a double-breasted jacket in dark blue wool with a deep sailor collar braided with pink instead of the authentic white, over a plain, tight skirt with a panel of heavily stitched pleats across the front

Scott Bushe

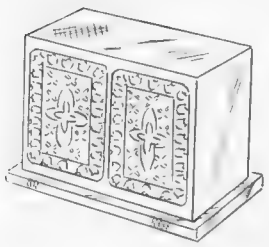
Scott Bushe

Beauty for the Bride

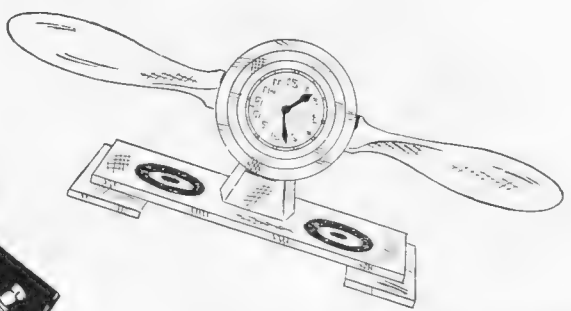
Every woman wants to look her best on her wedding day, and she cannot fail to do so if, like this radiant bride, she has followed the Arden way to beauty. Knowing her tastes, her friends have sent her these delightful Elizabeth Arden gifts from the salons at 25, Old Bond Street. On the left is a "Treasure Chest," ideal for travelling, containing everything necessary for the care of the skin. All these preparations have been carefully selected to suit her particular type of skin. She will freshen her complexion with Ardena Skin Tonic, a mild astringent which clears and tautens the pores. Before going out she applies a thin film of Protecta Cream to guard against the sun and wind; with this beneath her powder her skin has a velvety finish which will not be spoilt by bathing as this cream is impervious to water. After a day's motoring she bathes her eyes with Venetian Special Eye Lotion; this comforts and strengthens them when they are tired and aching. Included in the group above is a flask of "Blue Grass" perfume, named after the Blue Grass country in Kentucky, famous for its beauty. Its elusive fragrance is ideal for day or evening as it never grows stale. The bride's dress and veil are from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, and she carries Elizabeth Arden's fitted evening bag in multi-coloured lamé

The Bystander Twins in search of Gadgets

Five Suit Bridge is a new and intriguing variation of this ever-popular game. It is suitable for auction or contract, and adds interest to the bidding and scoring. An additional Royal suit has been added, making sixty-five cards in every pack instead of fifty-two. A set of two packs with a book of rules costs 5s. at Harrods, Knightsbridge



The problem of knowing what to give a man is easily solved by a visit to Harrods. If he is a keen motorist, he will appreciate this ingenious eight-day clock set in a rubber tyre. It costs two guineas, has a luminous dial, and keeps excellent time



Anything connected with flying always makes an instant appeal to the air-minded, so be sure to send your pilot friends this propeller clock from Harrods. It is chromium plated and has an English lever eight-day movement. The price is £3 or £2 15s. without the R.A.F. targets

Brighten your spring suit with these black suède accessories from Lederer, 45, Brompton Road. They are strewn with gilt charms which spell good luck all the way. The bag by itself costs 37s. 6d., and the gloves with their attractive gauntlets are 33s. 6d.

If you want to appear a really experienced traveller, you will carry this handbag and scarf. They are designed by Lederer, and would cheer up any journey. The bag, in natural cow-hide, is labelled with the names of European capitals, and costs 25s. 6d., while the scarf in printed silk is 7s. 9d.

Gilt jewellery is all the rage this spring and looks particularly effective worn with black. A choker necklace, bracelet and clip earrings are sketched from Woolland's, Knightsbridge. They are in gilt with fine engraving, and sold separately cost 29s. 6d. for the necklace and 9s. 11d. for the ear-rings

Golf Clubs at Home

Long Ashton, near Bristol

In 1893 the Long Ashton Club was founded, with membership restricted to neighbouring parishes. In 1895 restrictions were raised, and in 1905 the resulting expansion led to the nine holes of the course being doubled. To-day the golfer finds a pleasing round on high ground, on light, well-drained soil of the heath type, with natural hazards. The new club-house is situated in the middle of the course

(1) A. C. Baker (director). (2) C. W. Gould. (3) J. V. Thorns. (4) J. E. Collier (committee). (5) Shirley Panes. (6) J. H. Bennett. (7) F. C. Jewell (professional). (8) L. D. McLoughlin. (9) A. Field (hon. treasurer), Sydney Clifford (captain), A. C. Bodinnar (director), R. E. Witherspoon (secretary). (10) George Weeks (director) and Lieut.-Col. E. N. Gardner

"Tell me a man's a 'unter and I loves 'im at once"
Mr. Jorrocks M.F.H.

WOLSELEY *oft proclaims the man*

"TELL ME THE CAR a man drives and I'll place him at once," said a philosopher no less profound than Jorrocks. The man in that flashy-looking car, for instance. You can tell from the way he scatters everyone on the road, that he'd over-ride the hounds. Cars have the character of their owners. Watch that Wolseley, quietly, effortlessly slipping into the lead — always under firm control in any situation, always with plenty in hand — efficient, immaculate. Isn't it just those qualities that have carried its owner to his present position in life? Think of it in terms of your own experience . . . . A Wolseley oft proclaims the man.

THE WOLSELEY RANGE:

12/48 h.p. Saloon from £245 — 18/80 h.p. Saloon from £280
"Super Six" Saloons from £380 — 14/56 h.p. Salon de Ville £325
14/56 h.p. Saloon from £260 — 18/80 h.p. Salon de Ville £335
25 h.p. "Super Six" Limousine £750
Dunlop Tyres, Triplex Safety Glass, and Jackall Jacks.

Wolseley Motors, Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley St., W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, Eng.
BETTER BUILT — A BRITISH CAR

THE *Ideal* TRAVEL LAND

THE fascinating allure of Africa is as strong to-day as in the days of Drake and other explorers. The voyage there constitutes a "Cruise" of 14 to 17 happy days and at the end of it Summer is waiting in all her South African glory. Beautiful landscapes delight the traveller and everywhere a profusion of wild flowers weaves an amazing patchwork of enchanting colours.

For those seeking rest and quietude there are many hamlets along the sea board and in the interior. For excitement there is an area of 8,000 square miles in which wild animal life, including the "King of Beasts," can be studied in safety.

Illustration above shows the Howick Falls, Natal.

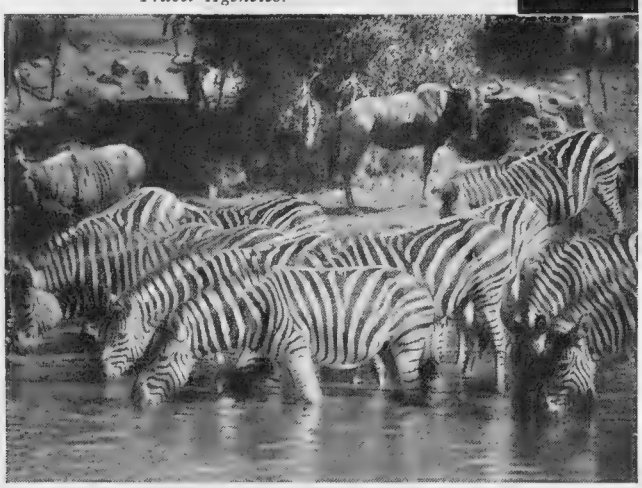
Illustration below shows Zebra and Wildebeeste in the Kruger Wild Life Sanctuary.

SOUTH AFRICA

means

Sunshine all the Way

Descriptive brochures obtainable from the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2, or the principal Travel Agencies.



The Magic Mirror

(Continued from page 432)

old bird mumbles 'Twenty-one,' I shoves on two *plaques* to see if I can't give the bank a jolt.

"And would you believe it, boys? Up she comes as pretty as a picture, while I rakes in the dough, trying not to grin like a Cheshire cat as I does it. And so it goes on, just as smooth and easy as I 'm telling you, and we sure gave the bank a ride that afternoon. But I thinks it wise to stop at last, as the old fellow is beginning to look kind of petered out, it strikes me, so I take him away to the bar and give him a good slug of brandy, and we split the dough as he said, and then I take him back in a fiacre to his joint."

"How much did you win?" asks Baldy.

"Sixty *mille* between us up to date, and giving him back his *mille* as agreed.

"Next morning," Fatty continued, "I went round bright and early to see how he was making out, and I found him in rather poor shape. So I tried to persuade him to give the rooms a miss that day. Nothing doing!

"'Lead me to the tables,' he says, firm as a rock. 'It was your brandy that upset me a little, for, you see, I never touch alcohol,' and by his voice you mighta thought he was some Professor at Oxford starting up his lecture.

"'Anyway,' I suggests, 'let 's have a good feed first,' and I makes in the direction of Quinto's, for there was a bit of time to fill before the rooms opened. But will he eat? Not a damned swallow, I tell you! Not a single bite!

"'I shall see better,' he whispers to me, 'if I have no food. But please do not let me stop you. I will wait till you have had a meal.'

"So that 's what happened. 'A crank,' I says to myself, 'must turn his own handle the way he wants,' and I left him to it while I enjoyed the best blow-out ever with plenty of good liquor to wash it down, and the old boy doesn't hurry me one little bit, sitting there quiet and silent as an Indian idol. And when I 'd lit my cigar we roll away in a fiacre back to the Casino.

"We go to the same table again and I notice the croupier recognises the old guy, and exchanges a quick look with another croupier, and the pair of them watch that mirror pretty close, though there 's nothing they can say or do about it, for any guy can look in his pocket-mirror if he wants to and see if his hair 's straight. And, believe me, that mirror does its stuff again fit to beat the band. Or, I should say, beat the bank. For it just couldn't miss. Every time my pal mutters his number, up it comes, though sometimes I don't quite catch what he mumbles and so hold back and don't put a *plaque* on. And when that happens he gives me one of those sort of lightning looks that puts the blame on *me* all right. After that I watches his lips. I make no further mistakes, but start playing the dough real heavy, till we 'd won so much I swear I couldn't count it, and I could see that the croupiers don't like it one little bit, they don't.

"And so it goes on and on, boys, with me watching those mumbling lips like a cat watches a mouse, and making no more miss-hits, till sudden I notice that those lips of his seem kind of white. No blood in them, I mean. I give his face the once-over, and that don't look right to me, either. Made me think of a bladder with the air running out on it. Something was wrong, it seems to me, and I decided we 'd had enough for one day and I 'd better get him out.

"'Come on,' I whispers to him. 'Let 's go. Give it a rest till to-morrow, pal.'

"'One more turn,' he whispers back, but the flash from those gig-lamps not quite so bright. 'I 'm seeing better than ever before.'

"So I agrees to that. One turn more can't do us any harm, and he sure was seeing perfect.

"'Thirteen,' he mutters. And on go my *plaques*.

"Now it so happens that he can reach the number easier than me, so I hand him the dough while I shove a maximum myself on *impair*, just to give the bank a final trimming before we blow.

"The wheel is spinning lovely when I hear a kind of gasp and a sigh from the old boy, but when I turns quick to look at him he seems okay. A moment later the ball settles nice and comfortable in thirteen, and they pay me on *impair* right enough. Then a strange thing happens. The croupier is in the act of shoving the money over to pay the old guy on his number when he stops, then pulls it back again as though the bank had won. I catches my breath and stares a moment. And everybody stares with me. The room had filled to the brim and everybody had been watching our play. There came sudden an awful silence.

"I got my breath back.

"'What 's the matter?' I cries out. 'Pay the old man his winnings!'

"And the croupier turned to me without a smile.

"'*On ne paye pas les morts*,' he said quietly, raking the money in.

"The old boy was dead—dead as a door-nail. He had croaked while the wheel was spinning. Can you beat it for bad luck? I looks round quick to see that no one had pinched the mirror, but I 'm damned if it isn't broken into a thousand pieces.

"Isn't life just plain hell?"

THE END.

Bumps & Potholes VANISH..

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in the "10," "12," "14" and "25"

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Independent Springing
(changes riding into gliding)

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(you can't help making a good change)

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And many other features
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Unless you try a Vauxhall you are not being fair to yourself.

"ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP," a book of interest to all motorists, will be sent on request by Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton. Any Vauxhall dealer will provide an adequate trial run on any Vauxhall model and prove its petrol economy.

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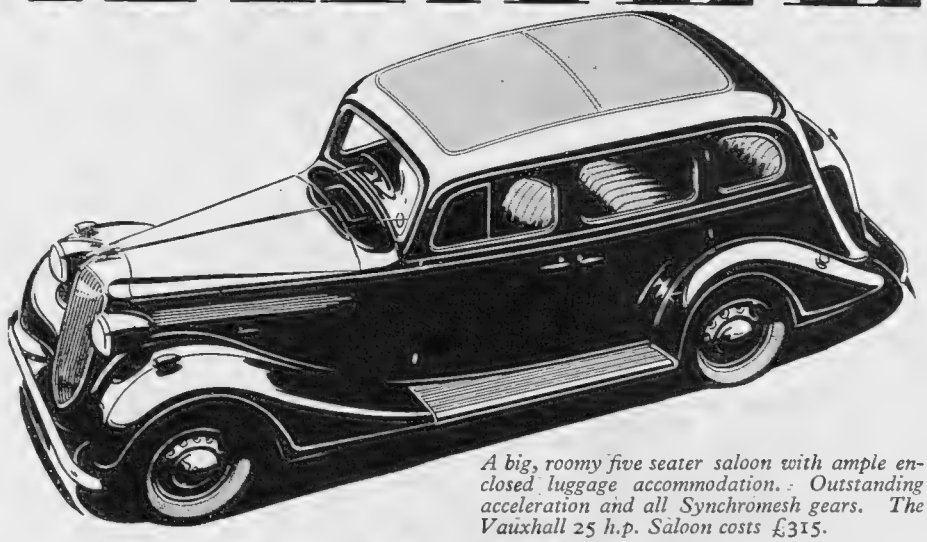
10 H.P. FOUR

Britain's newest car. The world's most economical Ten. On a recent R.A.C. official trial★ the saloon did 43.4 m.p.g. Fine performance and lively acceleration. Independent Springing. Saloons from £168.

12 H.P. SIX

For the owner who wants six-cylinder performance with four-cylinder running costs. Smooth; effortless; economical. Independent Springing. Saloon £215.



A big, roomy five seater saloon with ample enclosed luggage accommodation. Outstanding acceleration and all Synchromesh gears. The Vauxhall 25 h.p. Saloon costs £315.

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Britain's most popular "Fourteen." Brilliant performance. Consistently improved and refined since it made motoring history. On a recent R.A.C. official trial★ the 14 h.p. saloon did 30.31 m.p.g. Independent Springing. De Luxe Saloon £225. Touring Saloon with built-in luggage boot £230.

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"She'll take your breath away— on 'BP' Ethyl!"

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ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI KNOCK

FASTEST for cars

A Daimler in the Country: the 20-h.p. Sports Saloon

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

WE are now well and truly committed to another season of Motor Racing. Last Saturday saw the first meeting of the year at Brooklands, next Saturday the Inter-Varsity Speed Trials are held, followed a week later by the Junior Car Club's Rally at Brooklands; then, with the coming of April, we find ourselves in the thick of it.

This year there will be much more encouragement for the simple amateur driver, who in the past has fought something of a losing battle against professional and fabulously wealthy opposition.

The comparatively un-moneyed amateur's position became so difficult that it was obvious that something would have to be done to help him. Consequently the British Racing Drivers' Club devised a scheme for the encouragement of such "new blood," submitted it to the other British race-organising clubs, the majority of whom approved it at once.

Briefly, the B.R.D.C. idea is that a central fund be set up to which all the race organisers and interested car and accessory companies shall contribute and from which consolation awards will be paid at the end of the season to British subjects who have consistently supported certain British International Motoring events during the year. It is hoped that at least six prizes will be awarded and that the first prize will amount to £250. The awards will be distributed to the drivers gaining the greatest number of marks, computed on the following basis:

For each Meeting—Starters 2 marks, Finishers 6 marks, plus 50 % bonus marks in respect of the second of any two consecutive Meetings.

No driver will be awarded marks in respect of more than one event per Meeting.

Finishers as defined in Supplementary Regulations, except in the case of events under 25 miles, where prize-winners only will be regarded as such.

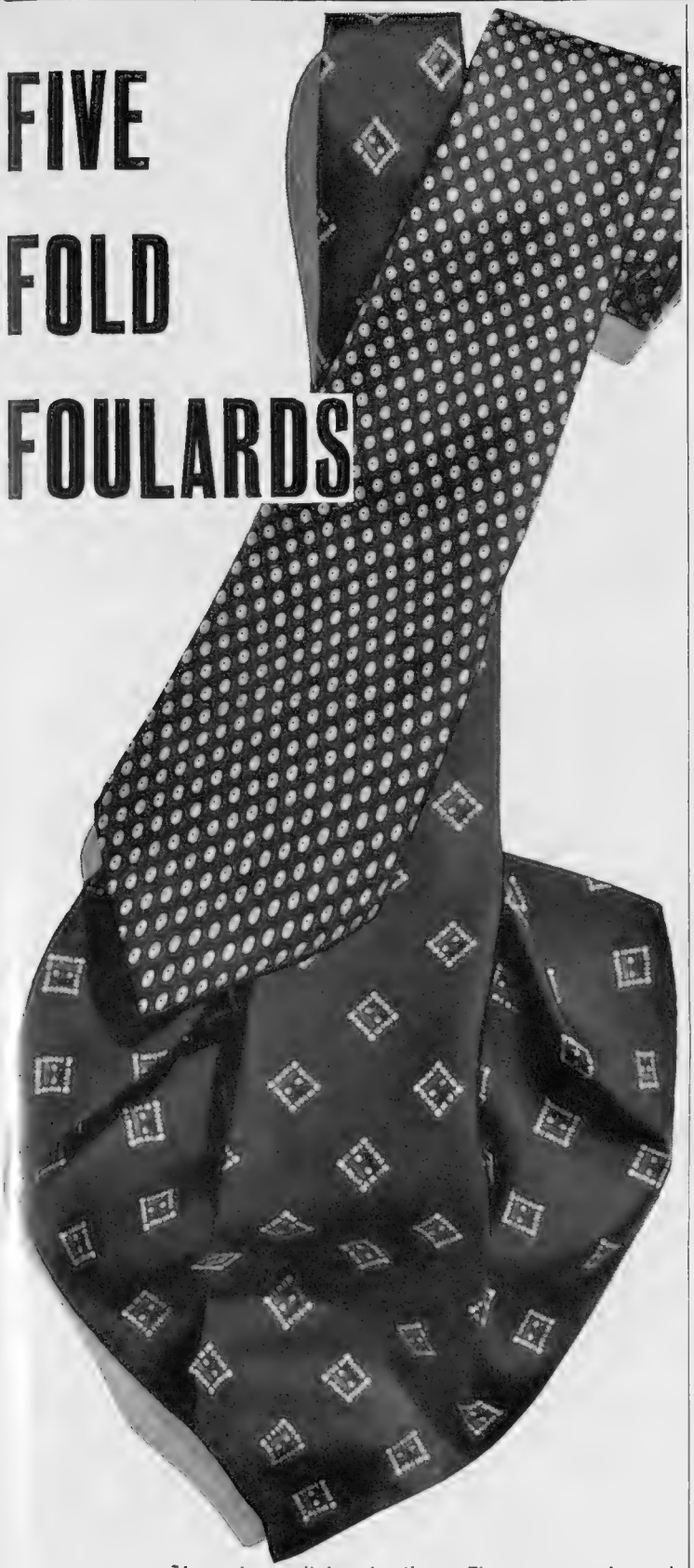
MY thanks are due to the Shell Company for sending me four most interesting and informative motoring booklets, written by Arthur Elton. The first of these deals with the Engine, the second with the Transmission System, the third with Epicyclic Gears and the fourth with Fluid Flywheels.

The Shell Company will be happy to send any or all of these booklets gratis to readers of the BYSTANDER, and I strongly advise anyone wishing to become better acquainted with his or her car to get them. In writing them, the author has realised that they will appeal particularly to the comparatively uninformed; consequently even intricate matters are dealt with in, so to speak, single-syllable terms, while the text and illustrations together simplify everything down to a point at which even the pinkest of Girl Guides would be able to comprehend their technicalities!

IF ever I felt sorry for anyone, I feel sorry for Le Begue over the Monte Carlo Rally. It will be remembered that his car and that of a Dutchman named Bakker Schut were running very close together for the winning award; in fact, their markings were practically inseparable when it came to the Final Tests at Monte Carlo. Ultimately it was announced that the Dutchman had

(*Concluded on page* x)

FIVE FOLD FOULARDS

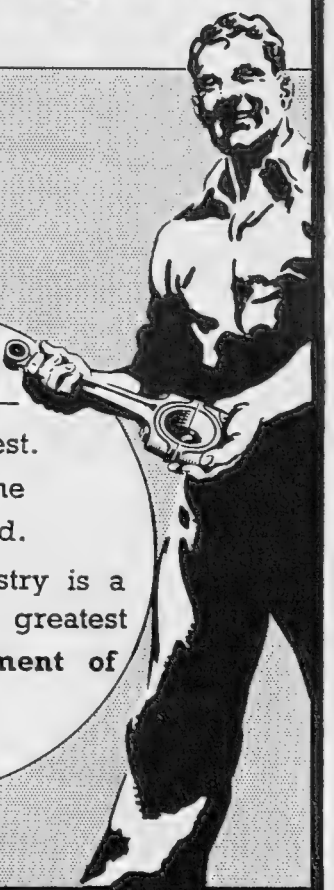


There is no lining in these Ties to crumple and betray their outward splendour.
Instead, a new constructive method with five uniform thicknesses (look at the picture) of an entirely new soft and heavy Foulard Silk ensures long life, a well proportioned knot, a perfect creaseless fall 6/6
(3 for 18/6)

HARRODS MAN'S SHOP
HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

British Cars are Best —

in the long run



British **craftsmanship** — acknowledged the finest.
British **engineering** — the soundest in the world.
The British motor industry is a **national asset** of the greatest importance to **employment of our own workpeople.**

BUY A BRITISH CAR
THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

"From the driving point of view this Dodge is one of the best American-designed cars *The AUTOCAR* has yet tried."

(Extract from The AUTOCAR Road Test No. 1,161, issue dated January 7th, 1938.)

* * * * * * * * *

Dodge

BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

Works: Kew, Surrey.

A Ford in the City: the 22-h.p. "V-8" Saloon

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page viii)*

been placed first as Le Begue had failed to get his front wheels over one of the lines. Le Begue dropped, as a consequence, from first place to twentieth—so close was the marking among the leaders

Despite the fact that Le Begue sent in a protest, the prizes and cash awards were distributed, Bakker Schut duly being acclaimed as the winner. Then the organisers' complacency was blown sky-high by the announcement that a film had been taken which proved conclusively that Le Begue's wheels *had* actually crossed the line in question. Thus matters stood when the protest was due to be heard. Le Begue had his film and his evidence ready, and of course if his story were borne out, it would mean that the organisers would have either to appeal (probably vainly) to Bakker Schut to return the awards and cash already given to him or—far more probably and, in the circumstances, properly—that they would have to pay out a second time.

After deliberating for more than 3½ hours the International Sporting Commission refused to admit Le Begue's protest. One of the delegates turned up International Rule 137, which says:

"An appeal against a decision of the Stewards will be allowed only if it concerns a question of the application of the rules, as distinct from questions of fact, save by consent of the Stewards."

M. Anthony Noghes, a Steward, representing the Monaco A.C., and Commissaire Général of the Rally, refused to give his consent and, in face of this, Le Begue's protest was ruled out of order. The decision is not subject to appeal. They declined to hear his evidence, they declined to view the film and they declined to uphold a statement from some of the officials that the observer (upon whose statement that Le Begue had not crossed the line the award was made to the Dutchman) was actually absent from his post at the time of Le Begue's run.

If ever I felt sorry for anyone, I feel sorry for Le Begue.

THE new Humber "Snipe" combines all the virtues that the modern motorist could wish for. It has a smart appearance devoid of bizarre features; its performance is snappy yet it is eminently tractable for traffic work; it is economical yet big enough in the body to afford driver and passengers alike an unusual degree of comfort and luggage room. The acceleration curve of the new "Snipe" is most striking for a car of this type, 10 m.p.h. to 60 m.p.h. being attained in approximately 21 seconds. The maximum speed I obtained was in excess of 80 m.p.h., while the petrol consumption worked out at 19 m.p.g.

The flexibly-mounted 20·9-h.p. engine which develops 78 b.h.p. was lively throughout the whole range of its output, being instantly responsive to the throttle low down as well as high up, carburation seeming to be absolutely perfect. Its sweetness and silence were noteworthy and its ideal cruising speed of 65-70 m.p.h. was most satisfying. Above all, I admired the smooth and positive action of the Bendix-Cowdrey brakes, which pulled up the car from 30 m.p.h. in almost as few feet. If I must criticise this car at all—and really I am loth to do so—the very triviality of my two small criticisms will show how great is my admiration for it. First, I found that my feet and those of my front-seat passenger got excessively cold through a draught seeping in through the pedals-apertures; second, I regretted that the central division down the rear window so seriously interfered with the rearward visibility as to make it impossible effectively to keep an eye on anyone coming up behind.

Apart from these two very small items, however, I found the car wholly delightful and feel that at £345 it affords staggeringly high value for money.

Further outlook . . .
"Medium and Mild" in all districts

Hardly strict B.B.C., but a cheery forecast calculated to defeat depressions from Iceland, and other more everyday sources. But notice "MEDIUM" and "MILD." The famous 'Medium,' most popular 10 for 6d. cigarette in the country, suits perfectly the tastes of most smokers, but if a 'Mild' cigarette is preferred, it can still be Player's; the unrivalled Player tobacco can still be enjoyed. 'Medium' or 'Mild' are both in the familiar lifebuoy packet, blue lettering for 'Medium,' red for 'Mild' —CORK-TIPPED or PLAIN as preferred.

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

10-6D 20-11½D

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

N.C.C.419M

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (16th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1938, will be held at Sand Moor, near Leeds, by kind invitation, April 5th to April 8th. Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: Miss Cradock-Hartopp and the late Miss Bridget Newell.

HOTELS

The address of Miss Helme during the Foursomes will be PROSPECT HOTEL, HARROGATE. *'Phone:* Harrogate 3015.
Special terms to competitors at the Prospect Hotel will be
14s. per day inclusive of dinner, bed, baths, breakfast.
16s. ditto, with private bath.
31s. ditto, twin-bedded room with private bath.

Special terms quoted by other Hotels at Harrogate are:
Crown: 16s. per day, inclusive, for dinner, bed, bath, breakfast.
Granby: 15s. inclusive, as above. Most of the bedrooms have private bathroom attached.
Harrogate Hydro: 12s. 6d. inclusive of bedroom, breakfast, dinner, baths.
Prince of Wales: 15s. inner rooms inclusive as above and also of garage accommodation; 16s. 6d. rooms facing the Stray.
Queen Hotel: 18s. inclusive, comfortable bedroom, breakfast, dinner, and baths.
Also Queen's Hotel, Leeds: 14s. 6d. bed and breakfast and private bath; dinner in the Grill Room, 5s. 6d.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (7th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: Miss H. M. Robertson.

In conjunction with the Bystander Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Sand Moor during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Yorkshire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 5th, to Friday, April 8th, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Sec., Sand Moor, may decide.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 18th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change in writing as soon as possible.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before March 18th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

SAND MOOR — NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Sixteenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 18th.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Sand Moor, on April 5th, 1938, and following days.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club. L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number.....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, or, after April 1st, to Prospect Hotel, Harrogate. Telegrams and Telephone: Helme, Harrogate 3015.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the Bystander during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

February Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. B. McDiarmid	Barrackpore	88	17	71	73	2 below
Miss Druitt	Gullane	85	9	76	76	All square
Miss J. Southam	Walmer and Kingsdown	77	2	75	74	1 above
Miss G. K. Morrison	Pretoria	89	11	78	77	1 ,,
Miss E. Brown	Cuddington	89	12	77	76	1 ,,
Mrs. H. M. Somerville	Sand Moor	88	13	75	74	1 ,,
Miss Z. B. Davis	Sidcup	81	4	77	75	2 ,,
Miss M. Alexander	Erskine	81	4	77	75	2 ,,
Mrs. W. W. Burton	Mere	84	7	77	75	2 ,,
Mrs. D. P. Milne	Barrackpore	87	12	75	73	2 ,,
Miss Mary Wall	Weston-super-Mare	79	3	76	73	3 above
Miss Eve Berts	Exmouth	85	11	74	71	3 ,,
Mrs. D. Hancock	Worksop	85	12	73	70	3 ,,
Mrs. R. O. Davidson	Barrackpore	90	14	76	73	3 ,,
Mrs. Anderton	Mere	95	17	78	75	3 ,,

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. G. Finch	Ormskirk	102	36	66	74	8 below
Mrs. L. H. Smith	Royal Calcutta	98	34	64	70	6 ,,
Mrs. T. M. Oag	Royal Calcutta	97	31	66	70	4 ,,
Miss L. Bliss	Great Yarmouth	97	25	72	75	3 ,,
Mrs. B. Last	Banstead Downs	95	25	70	73	3 ,,
Mrs. Ellis	Trentham	102	29	73	76	3 ,,
Mrs. Smith	Burnham Beeches	107	36	71	74	3 ,,
Mrs. G. Davies	Ashburnham	91	19	72	74	2 ,,
Mrs. Brooke	Eastbourne Downs	89	21	68	70	2 ,,
Mrs. W. E. Evans	Mere	95	22	73	75	2 ,,
Mrs. A. M. McWilliam	Barrackpore	97	25	72	73	1 ,,
Miss R. Jackson	Belton Park	97	25	72	73	1 ,,
Mrs. Collins	Kingsthorpe	93	19	74	74	All square
Miss Barnard	Beverley and E. Riding	93	19	74	73	1 above
Mrs. Broadbent	Carlisle City	101	27	74	73	1 ,,

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — MARCH

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, March 16, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
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JERSEY AND JERSEY FABRIC

KNITWEAR DEPARTMENT
(GROUND FLOOR)

No. 1 ATTRACTIVE JUMPER IN CHENILLE with Peter Pan collar and soft frilled front. Colours: Dust pink, turquoise, raspberry, beige, bloom, ice blue, navy, black. PRICE **49/6**

No. 2 A SPORTY JUMPER in fine wool, indispensable for sports and country wear. Colours: Green, wine, yellow, red, Ice blue, white, dust pink, navy, black. PRICE **21/-**

No. 3 AN ATTRACTIVE JUMPER BLOUSE in chenille, knitted to resemble fine lace. A most graceful garment, stocked in most colours. PRICE **39/6**

Jay's LTD.

REGENT STREET, W.1
(CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS)

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Tunbridge

Sylvia Hardy

Is the eldest daughter of Clive Hardy, Permanent Court of International Justice, The Hague, and Mrs. Hardy, of Little Dorchester Court, S.W.1, and is engaged to Basil Druitt, only son of the late John Druitt and Mrs. Druitt, of Christchurch, Hants.

Pearl Freeman

Wendy Maule

Is the only child of Colonel and Mrs. St. John Maule, of Rocklands, Weston, Bath, and is engaged to Captain Raymond Dewar-Durie, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Nugent Dewar-Durie, of Cheltenham

Pearl Freeman

June Rickards

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rickards, of the Yn Ys, Taffswell, near Cardiff; she is engaged to Edmund Ashley Charles Westby, second son of the late Captain E. H. H. Westby and Mrs. Westby, of Fleet, Hants.

Vandyk

Elisabeth Kathleen White

Is the only daughter of the Rev. H. and Mrs. White, of Chawton Rectory, Hants., and is to marry Lawrence Robert Stewart, R.A.F., only son of Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Stewart, of Cape Town

Antony Roger

Belinda Barron

Is the daughter of Major V. R. Barron and Mrs. W. J. Redman, of Meadow Cottage, Milford, and 5, Clarges St., and is engaged to Heinrich Heyszl von Heyszenau, son of the late Col. Wilhelm von Heyszl and Frau von Heyszl-Heyszenau, of Wiener-Neustadt, Austria

Lenare

Valerie Felicity Worke

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. L. Worke, of 27, Fitz-George Avenue, Kensington, and is engaged to Captain Edward Master, K.O.Y.L.I., only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. A. G. Master, of Fulford Park, York.

Fayer of Vienna

Joyce Mabel Foulds

Is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Foulds, of Eastrop, Basingtoke, and is engaged to Archibald Agard Evans, only surviving son of the late Ernest Agard Evans and Mrs. Evans, of Lausanne

Bassano

Lynette Passy

Is the daughter of Major and Mrs. L. F. Passy, of 44, Walsingham Road, Hove; she is to marry Clement George Molony, youngest son of the late Canon Molony and Mrs. Molony, of Farcham Courts, Hants.

Bassano

Ursula Longstaff

Is the third daughter of Dr. T. G. Longstaff and Mrs. D. H. Longstaff, of Broad Chalke, near Salisbury; she is engaged to Dr. John Bowlby, second son of the late Sir Anthony Bowlby, Bt., and Maria Lady Bowlby, of 2, Dalcham Gardens, Hampstead

Lafayette

Elizabeth Fitzroy

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Fitzroy, of 157, Cranmer Court, Sloane Avenue, S.W.; she is to marry John Ramsay-Fairfax, elder son of Com. and Mrs. W. G. Ramsay-Fairfax, of Weston Park, Hitchin, Herts.

Kay Vaughan

Mary Elizabeth Bowen

Is the youngest daughter of the late Sir John Bowen and Lady Bowen, of Durmast Cottage, Burley, Hants., and is to marry Alexander Blair, 6th D.C.O. Lancers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Blair, of Glebe Cottage, Gullane

Pearl Freeman

Joan Carey

Is the second daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. Carey, of Ashleigh, Chiddingfold, Surrey. She is to marry Alexander Charles Douglas, R.A.F., second son of Dr. and Mrs. Douglas, of Victor Harbour, South Australia

Hay Wrightson

Celia Campbell

Is the only daughter of the late Capt. J. A. L. Campbell, Yr., the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Mrs. Campbell, of 165, Cranmer Court, Sloane Avenue, and she is to marry Anthony L. M. Cullin, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Cullin, of Osterley, Middx

Lenare

Virginia Louisa Hopwood

Is the elder daughter of Admiral and Mrs. R. A. Hopwood, of 7, Sloane Gardens, S.W.1; she has announced her engagement to Christopher Evelyn Kevill-Davies, of 3, West Halkin Street, S.W.1

Soper

Mary Marsh

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Marsh, of Idover House, Dauntsey, Chippenham; she is engaged to Charles Shepley-Cuthbert, son of the late Captain D. Shepley-Cuthbert and Mrs. Cuthbert, of Gamesley House, Glossop

Randolph — Kenrick

Richard Seymour Randolph, second son of the late H. L. Randolph and Mrs. Randolph, of 36, Hammersmith Road, and Margaret Elizabeth Kenrick, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. W. H. Kenrick, I.M.S., and Mrs. A. C. Larmour, of Dunromyn, Crowthorne, Berks., were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Forbes — Doyle

The wedding at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, of George Stewart Forbes and Mrs. Violet Doyle was the outcome of a car accident, after which she nursed him back to consciousness in her home. He is the son of Lieut.-Colonel James Stewart Forbes, cousin and heir of Sir John Stewart Forbes

Nicholl — Henderson

Air Vice-Marshal H. R. Nicholl, son of the late William Nicholl, F.R.A.M., married Lorna Margaret Henderson at the Old Parish Church, Helensburgh. She is the daughter of the late Harry T. Henderson and Mrs. Henderson, of Hapland, Helensburgh

Lewin — Van der Kiste

Lieut. John Francis Lewin, R.N., elder son of Captain and Mrs. F. H. L. Lewin, of Woodford Bridge, Essex, and Ursula Van der Kiste, youngest daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. E. Van der Kiste, of Green Shutters, Lee-on-Solent, were married at the Parish Church at Lee

Boulting — Stirling

Sidney Boulting and Mary Stirling were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the only son of the late Frederick Boulting and Mrs. Boulting, of 22, Dorset House, Gloucester Place; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Stirling, of 84, Rodney Court, W.

Dreyfus — Jenkinson

Dr. Henry Dreyfus, chairman and managing director of British Celanese, and Elizabeth Deborah Jenkinson were married at Caxton Hall, Westminster. She is the daughter of the late Captain John Banks Jenkinson and Mrs. Algernon Langhorne, of Bear's House, Wentworth, and sister of Sir Anthony Jenkinson

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For well-groomed Hands.

HÉLÈNE HAND CREAM—for massage - - 2/6
HÉLÈNE HAND LOTION—for after washing - 2/-

HÉLÈNE MANICURE REQUISITES

Cuticle cream - 1/6 Nail boards - - 1/-
Nail pencils - 1/- Orange sticks - 1/3
Nail varnish—12 lovely shades - - - 3/6

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R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

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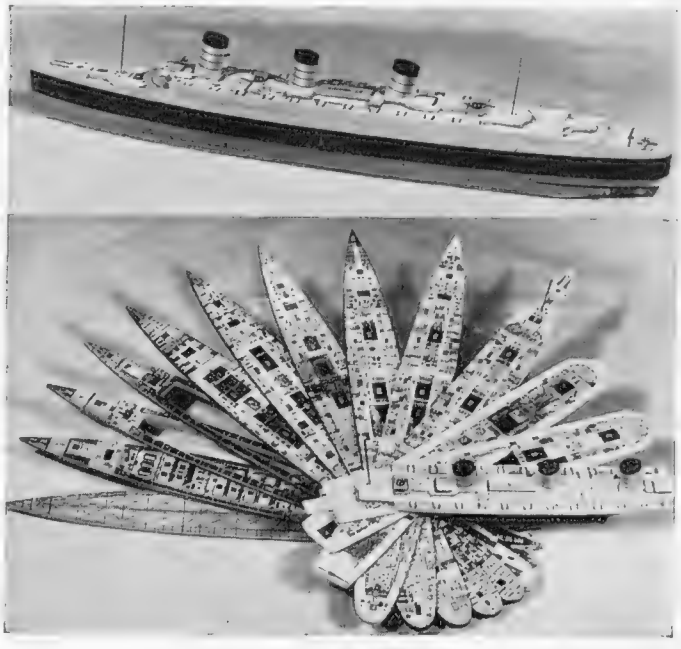

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The Model, 12 inches long, together with a numbered list of all the interesting features of the ship, is available in an attractive box, price 3/6

Postage and packing, Inland, 9d. extra
Elsewhere Abroad, 2/6 extra.

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It is rather difficult for the inhabitants of these islands to realise that they have a Riviera of their very own, and an all-the-year-round hotel that is quite without a rival in this or any other country.

Why not decide to come down for a week-end (packing as for a month) and sample the quiet luxury, the expert service, the unusually good food and wines, and the many amenities that only this hotel can offer you?

Where else is there to go in England at this time of the year, anyway?

The terms include golf, in the hotel grounds and on the Churston course, hard and covered tennis courts, squash, badminton, croquet, bowls, swimming pool, gymnasium, sun lounges, dancing, talking pictures, entertainments, cabarets.

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EXAMINE a pair of shoes that have "Veebex" Leather Uppers.

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Obtainable at all good shoe shops and in the well known "ORAL" and "ROYAL and ANCIENT" brands.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 16—March 22

First Night and Matinèe dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30 (not Mon.), Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DODSWORTH.—Sinclair Lewis's book is transposed to the stage without enough skill but is skilfully acted by Gladys Cooper as the unpleasant Fran and Philip Merivale as Sam: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE INNOCENT PARTY.—Mary Ellis plays a temperamental foreign wife to Cecil Parker's stolid Englishman: St. James's, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE KING OF NOWHERE.—Marda Vanne and Laurence Olivier lead in this new play by James Bridie: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MARY GOES TO SEE.—Dame Marie Tempest acts a strongly beneficent part with skill, just as in all her plays: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—Eugene O'Neill's sombre trilogy has a grim and exciting tale of fate with brilliant acting by Beatrix Lehmann supported by Robert Harris and Laura Cowie: New, 7 (not Mon. or Fri.). Mon., Fri., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Ronald Squire and Yvonne Arnaud renew their partnership, supported by Adrianne Allen, Jacqueline Squire, William Douglas-Home: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SURPRISE ITEM.—Marius Goring in a Kipps-like part. Valerie Taylor as his lode-star: Ambassadors, 8.30 Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—The diarist played by Edmund Gwenn is shown as a great, not petty, man in the service of King Charles (Barry Barnes): Savoy, 8.30 (not Mon.). Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE THREE SISTERS.—A strong, sensitive production of Chekhov with Carol Goodner, Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the three, Gielgud as Vershinin, Redgrave as Tusenbach: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—The colourful musical long-runner, with Muriel Angelus and Clifford Mollison, is back at its first home: Adelphi, 6.20 and 9.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Jill Esmond and Anne Leslie as boy and girl; Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose for comedy: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high-life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

BLACK SWANS.—A pre-war family is the setting for some excellent fooling by Richard Bird, Sophie Stewart, Thea Holme, and others: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

DEATH ON THE TABLE.—Hartley Power is ruthless as a gangster whose death on the table makes the plot; plenty of laughs and thrills: Strand, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

"King Lear" at Cambridge

The Marlowe Society and the A.D.C. of Cambridge University gave a balanced and coherent production of the tragedy which has played juggernaut to so many amateurs. The actors (Lear and Cordelia here) were anonymous

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy with Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Duchess, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THIS MONEY BUSINESS.—A family comedy with Antoinette Cellier, Henry Kendall and Diana Beaumont: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, Irene Vanbrugh, and comes from Manchester big with praise: His Majesty's, to-night, 16th.

TOSS OF A COIN.—Hackett's new play gives Marion Lorne a slightly different part from usual, in a bit of gambling luck: Vaudeville, Thurs., 17th.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—Tamara Geva and Raymond Massey in Robert Sherwood's play which won the Pulitzer Prize: Apollo, Tues., 22nd.

CINEMAS

BANK HOLIDAY (British).—John Lodge, Margaret Lockwood, Hugh Williams in a strong human tale of a day's life: Gaumont.

BLONDES FOR DANGER (British).—Gordon Harker in this; also ROMANCE FOR THREE, with Frank Morgan: Empire.

THE BUCCANEER (American).—Another vast de Mille canvas of the pirate (Fredric March) who saved America from the English: Carlton.

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Do not go to this film full of expectations, it is good, certainly: photography and acting (with an exception) excellent, but an annoying story: Studio One.

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES (British).—Emlyn Williams' grim genre: London Pavilion.

DOUBLE CRIME SUR LA LIGNE MAGINOT (French).—The setting for this exciting story is the authentic line of French forts, with shots authorised by the War Ministry: Academy.

EXTASE (Czechoslovakian).—The only copy of this remarkable film in existence, a slow but striking exposition of the birth, life, and death of a passion: Rialto.

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (American).—Dick Powell heads a big cast in a good old musical with Benny Goodman's band: Leicester Square.

THE HURRICANE (American).—Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour in an exciting South Seas spectacle: Odeon.

IN OLD CHICAGO (American).—The great fire of 1871 magnificently caps the family story in this spectacular film: Tivoli.

MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938 (American).—A musical with Alice Brady, Louise Fazenda and others: Plaza.

NINA PETROVNA (French).—Isa Miranda is the mistress of a Viennes baron (Aimé Clariond) but loves a penniless officer (Fernand Gravey); tragic fare: Curzon.

THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (British).—Barry Barnes, Sophie Stewart, Margaretta Scott in a very English version: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

TROIKA (French).—A spy film with Charles Vanel and Jean Murat: Berkeley.

VESSEL OF WRATH (British).—Charles Laughton is a beachcomber, Elsa Lanchester is a missionary in a lively version of Maugham's South Sea short: Regal.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—To-night, 16th, 8.

A WEDDING BOUQUET, BAISER DE LA FÉE, LES PATINEURS.—Thurs., 17th, 8.30.

FIDELIO.—Fri., 18th, 8.

FAUST (with ballet).—Sat., 19th, 2.30.

LA BOHÈME.—Sat., 19th, 8.

THE MASTERSINGERS.—Tues., 22nd, 6.45.

MUSIC

Recitals

GEORGE CHAVCHAVADZE.—A Brahms-Chopin recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 16th, 8.30.

MYRA HESS.—Scarlatti, Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann: Queen's Hall, Sat., 19th, 3.

MENUHIN.—Albert Hall, Sun., 20th, 3.

CONCERTS

B.B.C. CONCERT.—The symphony orchestra and choral society, conducted by Boult, with four soloists, in Bach's Mass in B minor: Queen's Hall, to-night, 16th, 8.15.

FAUST.—The concert version by the Kingsway Hall choral society, conducted by Allan Brown: Kingsway Hall, Sat., 19th, 7.30.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme will include a Mozart piano concerto (Lili Kraus); Beecham conducts the L.P.O.: Covent Garden, Sun., 20th, 3.15.

L.P.O.—And the Royal Opera Choir, under Beecham, in Delius' "Mass of Life": Queen's Hall, Mon., 21st, 8.30.

SPORT

"BYSTANDER" £500 TROPHY GOLF TOURNAMENT.—Weston-super-Mare, Sat., 19th, Sun., 20th.

CALCUTTA CUP RUGBY MATCH.—Twickenham, Sat., 19th

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London Nights:

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A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Ritz

LAST time Niela Goodelle was at the Ritz, I was forced by time and circumstance to tell you about her unseen. Later I saw her and heard. And now that she 's coming back, I can tip you with a clear conscience to go and applaud. She is a most lovely little person with a most lively big personality. She sings ditties which seem to be sad and soulful till the end, when they punch hard and wait for the count. She syncopates John Peel to a roomful of people of whom many have probably been

Syncopated fox-hunting at the Ritz

in the hunting-field that day, and their "Gad, Sirs" are preliminaries to wild clappings. Which says a lot for the aforementioned personality. She is American and she accompanies herself at the piano. She 's fine.

Jack Kerr is there, too, also singing, also from America, and also very much to your taste. In fact, a "Café Chantant" of the best for increasingly numerous patrons. It is at the Ritz these nights that you see the most liberal sprinkling of those nut-brown countenances which tell of Alpine sun recently absorbed. They photograph as well by flashlight as on the open snow-fields.

Grosvenor House

I HADN'T seen Edwin Styles doing compère before, and I sincerely hope I see him often again. He 's magisterially robed as head-usher to the bevy of beauty and talent that makes *So This is Charm* an extremely good supper-time show, even for Grosvenor House. He trails an urbane microphone across the floor, and by the time you 've got both the meanings of one of his remarks, he 's well into two more meanings of a remark twice as doubtful. The sort of schoolmaster who would have taught Aristophanes well. And when the stage is clear he is apt to do some remarkably good playing of exotic instruments like Jew's harps, matchboxes, etc.

Hacker and Sidell you may remember from the *Big Broadcast of* 1936, where they danced their crazy antics and amused mightily.

Gaston Palmer you *must* know. He 's that loony conjurer who only gets his tricks right the last attempt, and, by his engaging patter, makes you feel that you are doing the tricks with him, almost to the extent of shaking your own hand when you 've finally got the three billiard balls resting in incredible balance.

Edwin Styles, English Schoolmaster Compère at Grosvenor House

Finally, Les Girls, British and Best, conjuring, balloon dancing, and just dancing. A packed and glorious hour.

The Dorchester

TO-NIGHT 's the night of the new Dorchester show. *And So To Laugh*, it 's called, not without reason. Twice nightly in the right tradition, for diners and supper-timers, and you 're welcome to sit through both shows if you feel that way. It 's an easy way to feel.

Paul and Grace Hartman are a grand comedy act. If you have made the rounds of New York night-life, you 'll have seen them.

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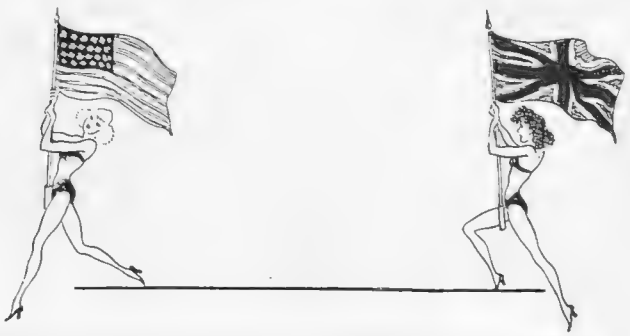
It is rare that New York lets them out of its sight, though Hollywood nabbed them for a period, and now Henry Sherek has dragged them across to us for eight precious weeks. He says it has taken him five trips and some heavy promises to get them away. He deserves our thanks for succeeding.

A new troupe of girls, the Percy Athos Follies, make the loss of the recent American beauties more bearable. Quite bearable, in fact, as these things go. I hope that the next time Sherek will give us the two teams together; which will do more for Anglo-American relationships than Japan and spelling-bees combined.

And — I 've kept him to the end this time in case you think he pays me for boosts — Naunton Wayne. Luckily, he 's on and off for every act.



English lovelies follow American lovelies at the Dorchester

The New Clarges

THERE was cherry-blossom on the middle table of the restaurant last time I was there, and the place was fuller than ever of quiet, keen diners, smartly informal or unself-consciously laying a good foundation to an evening's pleasure at Binaco's table.

With each new week of spring's approach, that sideboard on your right as you go in has more and more luscious temptations. If you can't afford them, steel yourself to a struggle, for the service is such here that it includes the whispered invitation to the season's newest. And, after all, as asparagus goes, this is not expensive. Let the recession have your broodings in some other month.

Summon your best girl, let her parents know that it is to the

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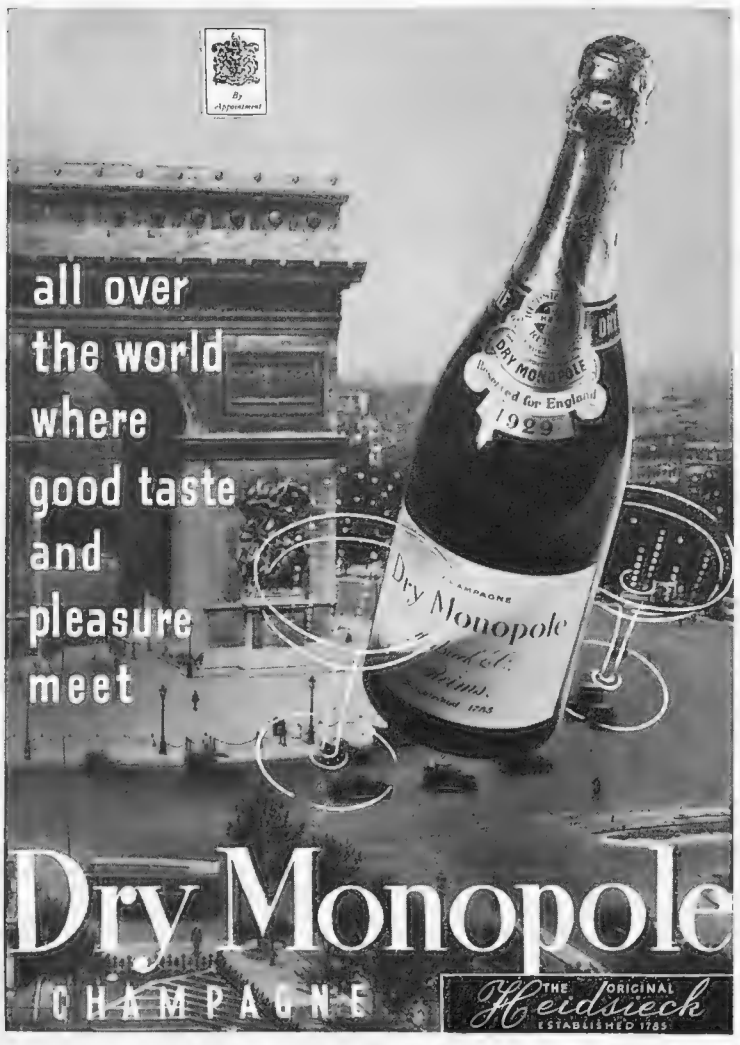

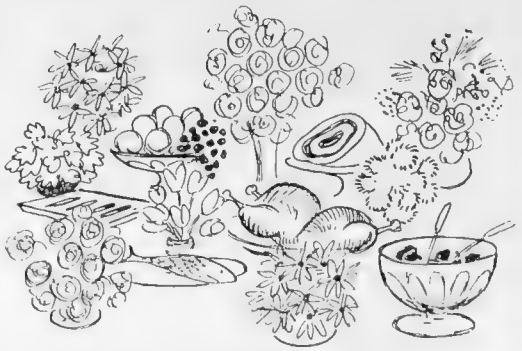

Spring comes to the New Clarges

New Clarges that you are taking her, and they will approve of your suave respectability, though deploring, perhaps, that to-night they will have to go elsewhere themselves if they dine forth. It would be an idea, to further your suit, to take those parents to lunch there next day. It would be an idea, because they might have a charge account, and graciously wave the bill on to it.

For lunch and dinner, tea, and, Binaco assures me, breakfast, the New Clarges is offering London's best, without dust or heat, for London's best.

The Austria

Up the soft-piled stairs from Piccadilly, where a nationally-garbed magnifico reminds you of what is to come inside; past murals which emphasise the memories of gracious Central European holidays; up to the swing doors of the restaurant, where probably Bruno, Savile Row to the cuffs, will greet you; past more Austrian-style bellboys and cigarette girls; to your cool table under the windows, looking forth on to Eros and the hub of Empire.

Country folk make for the Austria, as they make for the hotel which surrounds it, because each gives them Central London quiet, and in the restaurant they can, in the food and wines, suit their fancies from any district from Land's End to the Urals.

And, if they go through more swing doors to the Grill, they can crystallise their evocations to an authentic corner of Salzburg, with music of the Tyrol in the evenings, cool beer in vast steins, and deft service. For efficiency there is a perhaps unauthentic cocktail bower under more windows looking on to the Circus. And for a Scottish touch, which is also dependably Austrian, too, incidentally, there is that whacking great capercailzie hanging, wings spread, from the rafter, an eternal difficulty to Bruno's pronunciation, but a pleasant "genius" of a place very pleasant in all its courteous aspects.

I do recommend that you let Bruno choose your food, unless your wants are defined in your own mind. He 's a past-master at his job, and well worth your getting to know him.

Oh, yes, dancing in the evening, and Tyrolean cabaret.

Austria in Piccadilly

The Coq d'Or

The artist drew his picture from facts related, so the colouring and groundwork are imaginary, as they used to say of the depictions of Roman legionaries at the beginning of our schoolboy Latin books. But the incident is one of Sartori's most recent and most treasured memories, as it is also of the celebrant himself. May he celebrate many more birthdays on the self-same wine. It was a Margaux '77, and you 'll find it for yourself at the top of one of the wine-list's pages.

Cast your eye down those pages, and, if you can, get Sartori to discourse on the method of their purchase, their histories and their attractions. Ask about the Château Ausone '24, and, if you want to taste what is assuredly a "monument de l'époque," taste it at the Coq d'Or, which is one of not more than three restaurants in London where it may be obtained.

If you know your wine country from honeymoon, holiday or business, it is at the Coq d'Or that you will settle for gastronomic

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Vintage reverie at the Coq d'Or

memories of the "Chapon Fin" of Bordeaux, "Les Trois Faisans" of Dijon. I wonder to how many of my readers this is the ultimate in praise that it is meant to be? French perfection come to London. For keeps, please, Sartori. For keeps, please, Berthaud.

Hatchett's

I HAD been dining well under Boscasso's direction, and was trying to get him to tell me of his salty days as maître of epicureanism on the old Majestic hither and thither across the Atlantic. His reminiscences were becoming pleasantly personal, when there was a scurry of waiters and whispered messages, from the bell-hop, up the *cursus honorum*, to Boscasso himself. Mr. Smith was coming in a few minutes. Mr. Smith of New York. Wanted the same table as last night. The same oysters, the same wine. The wind whispered through the grasses and was still. "Mr. Smith" walked in through a quietly expectant row of servitors, and commandeered Boscasso for talk on the same subjects as I had. "Mr. Smith" was one of the many moneyed tycoons of America who are finding at Hatchett's a repetition of that courtly luxury that made the Majestic worth waiting for for six days eating as she should be ate.

Which is pleasant, seeing that Hatchett's is historically and actually so very large a part of the British Way of Life. Although there are four special dishes each day on the menu, French,

Starting a long trek to Hatchett's

English, Italian, and Boscasso's Own, if you go upstairs to the Male Bar and look at the Visitors' Book, you 'll see an unending list of British names, with London addresses of the Service Clubs of St. James's, and messages for pals. That book is getting fuller and fuller as the Foreign Leave season comes on. Ask any returned bushwhacker.

The New Queen's

CONTINUAL praise, written and by word of mouth, of the New Queen's Bierkeller as an after-, or for, dinner rendezvous has beaten down the track to those Leicester Square doors to such an extent that it is often difficult to find a seat. I can only suggest, wildly, to the efficient nabobs of the place that, for the summer evenings, they extend into the square itself, taking it over till midnight from the sparrows, serving coffee and long, cool drinks, and ever and anon toasting the central statue of the Bard in sherry sack (which I 'm sure the excellent and catholic New Queen's cellars contain). Perhaps they should buy up the cinema next door. They 'll have to do something, because the need for informal lagers and light suppers becomes more acute than ever in the summer.

Lunch, however, is the time to visit that angular and hospitable hall if you want to have peace and quiet to discuss business. If you are male and do not go in for heavy midday feeding, I advise you to ask the waiter for the special list of women's lunch dishes, organised for matinée-shoppers, but very acceptable to hard workers likewise. Salads, egg-delicacies,

Light lunch satisfaction at the New Queen's

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little thingumbobs, and what-nots, all very reasonably priced. And coffee that Americans tell each other about. Which means a lot in the coffee world.

Quinto's

THEY are coming back to him, those much-travelling patrons of Victor's. From the shires, from the snows and from the South of France, they are coming back to him. Oppenheim has somewhere written a scene of Victor and his brother spectacularly quarrelling in Quinto's at Monte Carlo. And, though Victor depends on the air-mail from the South of France for his asparagus just now, and many of his most luscious offerings throughout the year, he does feel a bit sad, perhaps, when his brother reports the presence down South of squads of the élite whom Victor feeds and wines so sumptuously and regularly during the London season.

But soon there 'll be daffodils visible through the hall as you make for Victor's doors, and soon it will get so that you 'll *have* to book by 'phone for any lunch-time or pre-theatre table. Because, even apart from the prices, which are well worth glory on their own (only 8s. 6d. for a dinner which has to be studied to be believed), Quinto's remains a very great restaurant.

The Bon Viveur

INDUCTIVE and sleuthful readers of this monthly column will not have to be told that my knowledge of wines is not exactly egregious. It hasn't worried me, because I have long felt that atmospherics of restaurants are more important guides for the majority of readers. The vinous minority will know already where they can find their fancies, because news of the movements of great wines gets around to those who are on their tracks. I have spoken well, and truthfully, of the small but careful list that Davico offers his members at the Bon Viveur, but it wasn't till last week, when I took an Oxford don to dinner there, that I appreciated to the full what a cunning and excellent list that is. In the interval of Senior Common Room scandal my friend picked up the book of the words, and was soon crooning delightedly to himself and giving me scholarly exegeses on the nuances of the possibilities of making a memorable night of it. And dons that do know, do know, as you know too, if you 've overheard the sacred discussions of two or three of their wine-committeemen, or even have read *Gaudy Night*. (I think Peter Wimsey would be a member of the Bon Viveur now that he 's married.)

Bon Viveur cup and bottle specialities

Davico is a fine guide for the expert and layman alike. His little club is a haven of luxurious rest, where wine and food is taken seriously to soft music, and coffee comes, exquisite coffee, in large breakfast-sized cups that are the answers to masculine prayers.

Tugend at Kempinski's

Kempinski's

KEMPINSKI'S is yet young in Swallow Street. But it comes with more than seventy-five years' fame from Germany, and its traditions have taken swift root in the new soil. It has arrived already at the stage when its personnel are characters, and the artist introduces you on paper to one of them whom you probably know well by sight and sound—Tugend, maître de cuisine, a name whose English translation is apt enough, even did he not occupy his great alimentary position of to-day. Ask him to give you an Aylesbury duck of his own cooking, and you 'll see that he has England's gastronomy at heart. He has worked in many great places round the map, but he has as happy memories as any of the Officers' Mess at Windsor for the Guards.

Then there 's Felix of the Tavern below, tubby, jovial, tempter, and apt to break into song at the piano. He's from the Cecil of the old days. He opened their last bottle of Lafitte, and he closed their restaurant doors for the last time.

Frank, the Viennese wine waiter, used to be at the Eiffel Tower of hallowed memory. See if you can get him to talk about the Tokays in the Imperial Palace at Vienna, that even now wait for the restoration of their rightful owners, the Hapsburgs.

Yes, Kempinski's is becoming history; but for the passing hour of amusement there is Castelly at the piano, singing away in several languages and into the smaller hours.

And, for your monetary information, there are two new special luncheons at 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.

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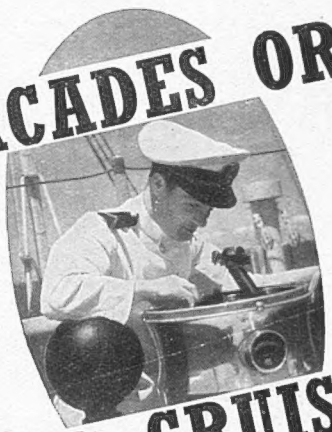

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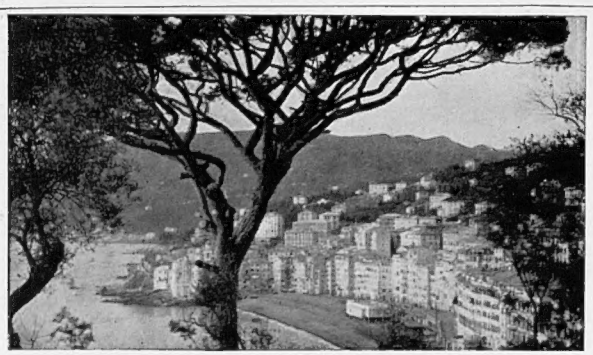

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